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Looking Forward

MILTON MACKAYE'S article, which heads this issue, will undoubtedly evoke much discussion and considerable criticism, favorable and otherwise, from the public generally and in particular from lawyers. Men are apt to judge their own profession from the standpoint of their own experiences and personal integrity, rather than from an impartial standpoint or from a judicious review of the acts of others. Certainly, the man who says all men of his own kind are dishonest and tricky is apt to practice both dishonesty and trickery himself.

IN THIS CASE, however, Mr. MacKaye is not a lawyer, but a journalist—of the profession which has the best opportunity to observe the practice of others. Furthermore, his observations are supported by many incontestable authorities on the subject—some of whom he quotes.

EVERYBODY who has had much to do with the law knows that there is a sharp distinction between legal judgment and genuine right. The old-fashioned lawyer who never (presumably) took a case unless he believed his client right, has been supplanted by the lawyer, whose business it is to save his client money or time or life, (or gain his client's point) no matter if his client is right or wrong. This new lawyer has accepted the ethics of his clients rather than the old ethics of the bar—and finds it profitable.

IN A SENSE, the public itself is responsible for this change and for the rush of men to such a profitable trade. Every unnecessary law passed creates a new regiment of such lawyers. Every law passed which is insufficiently supported by public opinion adds to their number. And meanwhile, our court calendars become so crowded that a man actually injured cannot sometimes secure a hearing for two years or more.

ARE THERE STILL enough public spirited, honorable lawyers to support the leaders of their profession in an attempt to remedy these conditions? Can there be created a sufficiently strong public opinion to back such a group?

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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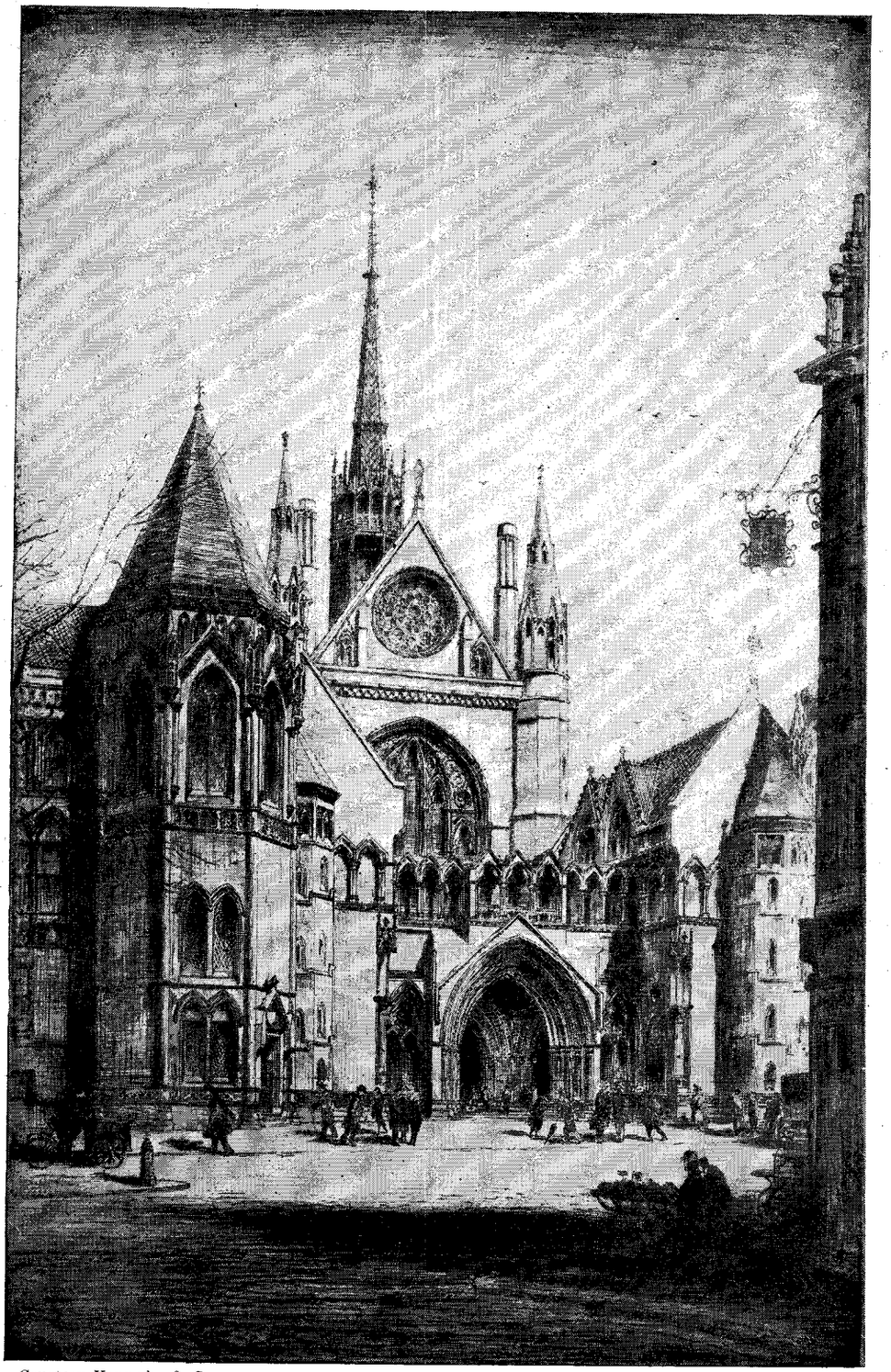

Courtesy Kennedy & Company

LAW COURTS

An etching by Johnstone Baird

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Outlook

and Independent

August 21, 1929

Honor Among Lawyers

By MILTON MACKAYE

The indignant quality of this article would lay the writer open to a charge of unfairness if it were not apparent that he is in the company of Chief Justice Taft, Elihu Root and other eminent members of the bar. Plainly the profession of so many of our public men, past and present, has suffered a subsidence of its foundations; particularly is this so in our large cities where it has attracted hordes of young men entirely incapable of appreciating the important ethical factor involved in the practice of law. Mr. MacKaye deals with the remedies proposed by bar associations and individual lawyers as well as with the disease

THERE IS, probably, no class of men in a country so self-sufficient as its lawyers. And there is, on the other hand, no class of men so muddled in its thinking. The lawyer, trained in involution and apt at sophistry, carries his talents into his personal life and becomes, unless he is careful, an expert in the ancient art of self deception. Three-fourths of the lawyers who practise righteously and with unction in these United States believe themselves to be honest men. Not half of them are.

Mr. Max Steuer, eminently solvent New York attorney and familiar figure to the readers of the newspaper extras, said some time ago that if the legal profession was in a sorry state the public itself could be blamed. There is a degree of truth in what Mr. Steuer so surprisingly said—that the sensationalist never lacks for clients—but the real responsibility, it seems fairly evident, must rest squarely upon the shoulders of the lawyers themselves.

Every one who follows current events with any pertinacity must know that the legal profession in this country is in an appalling state indeed. The columns of the public prints have detailed the activities in a half dozen cities of the so-called ambulance chasers, the depredations of the bankruptcy rings, the rank treacheries of political judges, the clownings of the gangster's attorney, the amazing increase of subornation of perjury.

The pageant has been an unhappy one, and unhappier still has been the knowledge that the untoward display was not a sudden development. This illness of an honorable profession is the result of years of slow poisoning, the ultimate outbreak of a creeping infection. The legal profession has been diseased for years and even the honorable men within its ranks have refused, with averted eyes, to recognize it. As recently as three years ago lawyers in high places were pooh-poohing the demand for reform and defending with eloquent words the essential integrity of their humbler colleagues.

IT IS TRUE the bar now is making valiant essays at advancement and that the frantic wigwagging of the leaders and of the publications they inspire shows a deep concern with the situation. The demonstration is hopeful and praiseworthy, but it comes with some tardiness; the profession has had so much time. Surely the lawyer's preoccupation with unrealities, his pharisaical attitude, his hair splitting as to what is ethical and what is not ethical, his ultimate rationalization of paradox must share some of the responsibility.

"Stripped of all euphemistic verbiage," Mr. Newman Levy once wrote, "the successful lawyer, according to popular conception, is the one who has the most respectable and remunerative clients and who best serves the interests of those clients."

If, behind his windy credo of the public good, this is the lawyer's estimate of success, it is not surprising that the legal profession has taken the trend it has. The reputable practitioner is so busy with his own balancing act—a fine fat fee on the billiard cue of the Bar Association's canons—that he has little time or inclination to criticise the balancing act of the next man. Eventually, practical minded individuals with empty pocketbooks decide to forego the acrobatics, work the law for all they can get out of it, and let the ethics go hang. And as a matter of fact there is, as Mr. Levy pointed out, very little difference in the essential morality of the police court shyster who seeks to delay the law's machinery for his petty offender client and the eminent barrister who does exactly the same thing for the oil magnate who employs *him*.

The outcome of this commercialization was foreordained. We find ourselves today with a profession filled with incompetents, with liars and jury bribers and peddlers of perjured testimony. We find ourselves served by attorneys of no greater cultural attainments than the butcher's boy around the corner and not half his native honesty. We find ourselves responsible to judges who have nothing to recommend them except an unsavory political backing and a few years of cheap practice. It is perhaps only natural, then, that we should remember with a warm and understanding smile that in China at-

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torneys are sent to prison and are pleasantly known as *chuen guen,* or "the rascals of the lawsuit."

Less than a year ago New York tilted back the lid on the profession when it investigated ambulance chasing. More than seventy men either resigned or were disbarred as a result of a sensational inquiry. Ambulance chasers, if the phrase is unfamiliar to you, are men who, by various agencies, keep check on a city's accidents. Some one is hurt; immediately a representative of the attorney rushes to his bedside and, for a split on the potential profits, offers to bring suit for damages. The investigation revealed unspeakable chicanery and a vast and organized industry. It was perhaps only just that many of the lawyers had their offices in a single building which was known as the House of the Forty Thieves.

The lawyers employed runners to go out to solicit business for them, the runners assessing a percentage on the fee just as might a salesman for soap or for washing machines. The records of the hearing, however, revealed more than a high pressure competition; they revealed huge incomes from fake litigation, suborning of perjury, and a shameful plundering of the poor. The fees ran often as high as seventy-five per cent of the jury's award, and frequently, in cases of settlement, there was embezzlement of the entire amount. The piracy was efficiently worked out. The attorneys kept on their office staffs professional witnesses ready to testify affably to any story manufactured, and they maintained in regular employ physicians who, before a court, would describe with admirable precision the imaginary treatment of imaginary injuries. Some of these attorneys handled as many as 3,000 negligence cases a year and earned incomes above $100,000 a year.

BROOKLYN followed Manhattan with an investigation that resulted in a dozen disbarments, and Boston was next. Thirteen men were ousted there. In both New York and Boston, however, the surface was only skimmed. The bar associations, which prosecuted the inquiries, did excellent work but they could haul in only the more notorious of the shysters. In New York alone there were easily 500 more against whom it was impossible to obtain evidence.

This type of litigation has a sharp and immediate injustice, but its ultimate evil is still more far reaching. Court dockets all over the country grow crowded in such a fashion that it is impossible to get prompt hearing. In many states it requires eighteen months or two years to reach trial in any civil action. Professor I. Maurice Wormser, of Fordham University, editor of the *New York Law Journal,* some time ago made this statement:

"The law's delay is largely due to the presence upon the calendars of a countless number of negligence suits, many of which are fake litigations, unsupported by either merit or substance. I recently told the Justice of a high court, 'If you get rid of fake negligence cases on your calendar, it will be practically down to date.' To my surprise he agreed without qualification."

THE SPRING of this year brought another volcanic public disturbance to harass further the legal profession. The flight and suicide of David Steinhardt, one time candidate for Congress and prominent attorney, laid bare in New York a bankruptcy ring. I am not a lawyer, but as a practicing newspaperman I was fully aware of the existence of abuses in receiverships. It is not a situation peculiar to New York; receiverships have been political plums for years and the fees of receivers' attorneys, particularly in the cases of bankruptcy of public utilities, have been stupendous. It was an open secret, furthermore, that receivers often made personal use of assets in trust. Steinhardt's misfortune was that he was caught before he could replace his embezzlements.

The revelations in New York, however, had many ramifications. They resulted in the resignation of Federal Judge Winslow, a Congressional investigation into the official conduct of Federal Judge Moscowitz, the indictment of numerous persons and a Federal Grand Jury inquiry which placed more than 200 lawyers under suspicion. Public hearings on the Grand Jury's findings, under the direction of William J. Donovan, formerly Assistant Attorney General, had begun when this article was written, and already a sweeping reformation in the administration of bankrupt estates was under way.

Three scandals in New York, and scandals like them in Illinois, New Jersey and half a dozen other localities, have roused the leaders of the bar. They have been stirred to protest not only because there has arisen a profound distrust of the profession, but also because they realize that the abuses are symptomatic. They do not have to be told that the larger proportion of divorces are tainted by collusion; they know that half the lawyers in this country have the intellects of corn doctors; they have Chief Justice Taft's word for it that "the administration of criminal law in the United States is a disgrace to civilization." And they realize, finally, the full and desperate import of the words of Elihu Root:

"That is the charge against us—you and me—and what is worse against the great profession of the law, and what is worse against the law, and what is worse against our free institutions."

The housecleaning has begun, but thus far it has shown itself to lack concerted purpose: There has been no ripe consideration of the factors which have brought about the illness of the bar. Before there can be convalescence it would appear that these present day conditions, most of them interlocking, must be examined and met:

(1) The overcrowding of the bar. (2) The lack of proper educational requirements in the face of the modern complexity of the law. (3) The absence of an efficient disciplinary control. (4) The evolution of the legal profession into a trade.

THERE ARE today in the United States 45,000 young men and women studying to be lawyers—14,000 of them located in Greater New York alone. These astounding figures—students are graduated at a rate of 8,000 a year—will give the average layman some idea of the desperate situation to be met. He will readily perceive that the law of supply and demand provides an extremely pat illustration of the prevalence of ambulance chasing. The opinion of Mr. Eugene V. Daley, for ten years a member of one of the nation's busiest Committees on Character and Fitness, is particularly interesting on this point.

"The increase in the number of lawyers in the last fifteen years," said Mr. Daley, "is so far beyond the increase in population that an honest livelihood must be practically impossible for hundreds of lawyers."

It is interesting to note the cavalier manner in which two South American governments dealt with a similar situation. It was announced late in 1925 that in Bolivia no new students of law would be permitted to register in the universities and that when the current

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students completed their courses the faculties would go out of existence.

Ecuador was even more abrupt. The country found it was flooded with both doctors and lawyers and that the majority of the members of both professions were unable to earn a living. Ecuador immediately closed all universities.

IT IS HARDLY likely, of course, that the United States will be forced to such high-handed manoeuvers, but present day figures indicate that something must be done. The number of lawyers has risen since 1920 like a Maine high tide, but the census figures of that year told an amazing story. There were 6,745 lawyers in the state of California—an average of one lawyer to every 507 persons. In Nevada, sparsely settled except for the merry Reno colony, there was one lawyer to every 336 inhabitants. In the District of Columbia, where the wheels of government turn, there was one lawyer to every 181 persons. Here are the figures for a few other states: New York, 1—562; Massachusetts, 1—777; Texas, 1—876; Georgia, 1—1144; Pennsylvania, 1—1286.

These statistics bear peculiar witness to the blessings of democracy when compared with the figures of England and Wales. They may have war debts and worries abroad but their lawyers rest lightly on them. They have only one to each 2,271 persons. It is obvious that there must be some explanation of this comparative paucity of lawyers. There is. It is explained by the survival of an aristocratic guild system. The bar there is its own supervisor of admission and it can, thus, restrict the number of neophytes who annually enter training.

As the English system is responsible for the superb balance existing there, so the American system is responsible for its own top-heaviness, its over-population of brief cases and adolescent Blackstones. And the confusions growing out of it are so intertwined with American tradition that it has been and will continue to be difficult to uproot them. It is a little hard to appreciate in this changed and complicated age that the difficulties we face today are directly attributable to the wave of national feeling which swept Andrew Jackson into the Presidency.

Perhaps a little historical background is necessary. Despite the fact that the American Revolution did away with the English concept of the bar, qualifications for admission to practice remained stringent until the ascendancy of Jackson. In Massachusetts, for example, five years study was demanded of all applicants except college graduates, who were admitted after three years. These educational requirements, beneficient or not, actually made entrance to the legal profession impossible for all except the propertied classes. It cornered the bar for the aristocrats.

But when in 1828 and 1829 the country from East to West was caught in the throes of democratic hysteria, the patricians of Virginia and New England fought a losing fight and they and their traditions went under. An humbler element, fired by the theory of equality, forced its way to the top, eager for votes and for power. First the property qualification for office-holding was abolished and then the assault upon the law began. The net result was that educational requirements were weakened into absurdity or junked outright in order that, as was fitting in a popular government, the profession might be open to all classes.

IT HAS TAKEN a century to lay the Jacksonian bogey and none has complicated the process more than the rank and file of the profession itself. The struggle to raise standards again made only the slightest dent in the bar as a whole until 1890 and the situation remained profoundly discouraging until 1921. Industry marched ahead but the lawyers were content. They were themselves products of primitive educational methods. The *laissez-faire* policy, so far as they were concerned, had worked out well. They saw no reason for change, and there was no effective organization among their clearer thinking colleagues to spur them to change. They had one favorite and crushing reply to the evangelists of reform:

"Look at Abraham Lincoln. He wasn't an educated man."

Gradually, however, the law schools made progress. The old custom of study in a private law office virtually had vanished by 1900, but despite the fact that an academic preparation had become more and more popular and the profession was filling with men who were themselves law school graduates the reputable institutions still were timid. The very popularity of academic preparation had brought into existence the night school and the so-called "law factories"—institutions of mass production. Here was a new problem. The proprietary schools were making, and have made since, a great deal of money. (Two of them in New York today have a total income of $1,000,000 a year.) The endowed universities, organized in 1921 into the Association of American Law Schools, were loath to raise standards because they feared, with some justice, that stricter requirements would drive students in large numbers into less demanding institutions.

Then, tardy by thirty years and when hope was at a low ebb, the American Bar Association went into action. For several decades the Association had been little more than a window dressing for the profession, but, under the leadership of Elihi Root in 1921, it formulated and adopted new recommendations for admission to the bar and set up standards for law schools. In 1926 the list of institutions approved by the A. B. A. was identical with the membership of the American Association of Law Schools.

In brief, the Root recommendations to the various states of the union were that they admit to the bar only graduates of law schools and, more than that, only graduates of law schools which comply with these standards; two year college study before matriculation; three years full-time study of law, or four years part-time study, (governed of course by definite schedule of hours); adequate library; and sufficient number of instructors to insure personal acquaintance with the whole student body.

How widely have the recommendations been adopted? They have met often with suspicion and enmity on the part of the state bars themselves. Not one state has demanded graduation from a law school, despite the fact that the old custom of office study is moribund. Several states, however, now meet the requirements as to full length of training. West Virginia, Kansas, Ohio, Colorado and Illinois have succumbed so far as to demand two years of college, or (sic) its equivalent, in addition to legal training. New York also will require the two years' general education on October 15 of this year.

THE VISTA is less attractive as we go farther afield; the prejudices of the Jacksonian era have hung on. The great commonwealth of Indiana, home of Ku Kluxers and the genial Jim Watson, has no educational requirements of any kind and no bar examination.

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Along the Wabash any one with a mind to it may practice law—providing, of course, that he can get a letter from his pastor to certify his good moral character. Eight states do not require that candidates study law for any specified period. They are Arizona, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Mississippi, Missouri, Nevada and Virginia. Tennessee demands a year with the case books and Alabama eighteen months. Kentucky, Montana, North Carolina, Oklahoma and South Carolina require two years. The more enlightened areas require from three to four years' study.

In the matter of general cultural education, the national bird's-eye view is even more appalling. Fifteen states require applicants to produce no specific evidence that they are more than literate. Twenty-six others ask only high school training.

FROM THESE facts it must be evident even to hypermetropics that there is a long way to go before the American Bar Association's crusade can be accepted as even approximately successful. And meantime the steady procession of the ignorant into the profession continues. The refusal of even the more progressive states to demand graduation from an approved law school is, as we have seen, an idle gesture insofar as it protects the young man who wishes to pursue his studies in an office. In effect, the only result is to swell the enrollments of the part-time institutions. While these exist and turn out their machine-made lawyers by thousands there will be no relief from the present overcrowding.

The medical profession some years ago cleared itself of its more obvious incompetents by centering attention on the schools. In the early years of this century, every backwater academy and seminary had its medical department, housed perhaps in the small building beyond the pump and boasting an equipment of two bail-wired skeletons and a second-rate microscope. Doctors were being made like flivvers. The medical profession communed with itself and set up definite standards of equipment and teaching. States were induced to recognize diplomas only from approved institutions. The cleanup came in short order. Small, precariously financed colleges could not afford the expensive plants necessary to meet requirements. In 1904 there were 160 medical schools in this country with 28,142 students. Today there are eighty medical schools with approximately 18,000 students. And ninety-eight per cent of these institutions require at least six years of college and university training.

There is a pretty contrast when the number of law schools now existent are computed. From 61 in 1890 they grew to 124 in 1910, to 142 in 1920, to 160 in 1923, and finally to 180 in 1929. There were 23,000 law students in 1917, 37,627 in 1923 and there are approximately 45,000 now. Somewhere the thing must be ended, and locking the doors of the inferior institutions seems one good way of going about it. For the fact remains that the greater percentage of the students are not in the high grade institutions. They are in the schools where, by a brief period of cramming, enough facts and rules of the law can be pounded and hammered into their heads to enable them to pass the bar examinations.

Dr. Robert M. Hutchins, former Dean of the Yale Law School and now President of Chicago University, is one of the most brilliant and clear sighted men in the profession. Before the New Jersey Bar Association's convention this year he issued a solemn warning that lawyers were on the down grade.

"The inferior medical schools have been practically run out of existence by the mounting cost of medical education," he said; "but there are more inferior law schools now than ever before and what is more serious, the proportions of lawyers being educated in them is steadily growing.

"The number of students in schools belonging to the higher group affiliated with the Association of American Law Schools is falling until today little more than 30 per cent of 45,000 men studying law are in Association schools. In Greater New York there are 14,000 law students. Only 700 of these are in a school which has standards high enough to be approved by the Association."

THERE IS still another factor in the present day situation that makes adoption of uniform standards a matter of justice, or, if nothing more, a mere item of common sense and mutual protection. Reciprocity exists among most states. By reason of this reciprocity when a man has practiced in one commonwealth it is an extremely simple process for him to migrate to another, and there, on the evidence of his license, to turn to his profession once more. Brother attorneys in that state may have met severe standards for admission to the bar, devoted long study to it. Your emigrant may have rushed from high school through an eighteen months' course. Yet because of the old and genial custom of courtesy he is equally privileged. There are, of course, some exceptions to this rule of reciprocity; Indiana attorneys, for instance, will find transfer something of a problem. But in the main it holds good, and it would be well to remember that bad lawyers have the quality of counterfeit money; they soon debase a profession when they are allowed to circulate freely.

THESE BAD LAWYERS must be met with another check. There is a prime necessity in this country now for a workable system of disciplinary control of the profession, a disciplinary control which can be set up in every state. This means organization of the bar on more definite proportions than now exist, and it demands the placing of full police power in the hands of the organized attorneys themselves.

In other countries, as has been seen, the bar is all-inclusive; the practitioner automatically belongs. Under their system, in addition, the power not only of admission but of expulsion is lodged in the bar itself. The laxity of discipline existing here today, as Dr. Henry W. Jessup has pointed out, makes it imperative that the profession take on its own shoulders the burden of governing its members "even at the risk of appearing to become an aristocracy or an undemocratic guild."

In this country the power of expulsion is lodged in the courts, but in most localities judges are elected and lawyers help to elect them. One result has been that the courts have often failed to regard professional conduct in the proper light; they have been hesitant about disbarment, many of them insisting on proof of violation of penal statute, and others considering mere restitution of embezzled funds or a promise that "I won't do it again" to be sufficient. In New York state there have been 14,000 complaints against lawyers in the last fifteen years. Only 299 men have been disbarred, suspended or censured. Can any one believe that 98 per cent of these 14,000 complaints were without merit? The lawyer is not a plain citizen; he has a tri-unity of duty: to client, to court and to community. He is part of the mechanism of government, and as he accepts extraordinary privileges he

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No More Zuyder Zee?

By T. R. YBARRA

IT LOOKS like goodbye to the Zuyder Zee. Within a few years, if all goes as expected, most of that big inland body of water, the total surface of which represents an area about one-sixth as large as the entire Kingdom of the Netherlands, will be dry land, upon which the thrifty Dutch may farm and raise cattle and make cheese and do all the other things that are specialties of theirs—including running a network of canals in an intricate pattern across the reclaimed territory.

The area that is now being wrested from the Zuyder Zee will be extremely fertile land, composed entirely of "polders," as the Dutch call the fields drenched with salt which their massive dykes have wrested from the sea and their unceasing vigilance in keeping those dykes in repair prevents from returning to the domain of Neptune. A valuable gift indeed, that which the engineers engaged in drying up the Zuyder Zee are bent upon tendering to their native land!—tens of thousands of acres of "polders," submerged ever since the North Sea burst through the island chain protecting the Dutch coast centuries ago and interposed a barrier of water between the northern and southern parts of the Netherlands.

THE PROJECT of drying the Zuyder Zee is of such long standing, the report that the unwelcome inland sea was on the point of disappearing from the earth has come so frequently out of Holland, that people all over the world have adopted a boy-and-the-wolf attitude. They had begun to feel that the Zuyder Zee would go dry just about the time that the United States would—alcoholically speaking.

But now the Dutch have the laugh on these skeptics. A few years ago they announced definitely that they had made up their minds to turn their inland sea into dry land and, having made the announcement, they proceeded, with genuine Dutch industry, to make good their word. And now the news comes that work has been prosecuted so diligently that one large portion of the Zuyder Zee is almost as good as dry. This comprises about 21,700 hectares, soon to be turned over, as "polders," to the first batch of the expectant Hollanders who have waited through all these years to have the land submerged under the Zuyder Zee added to the acreage of their country.

This first reclaimed portion lies behind the island of Wieringen, where the German Crown Prince lived during his exile in Holland after the Armistice of 1918. One end of Wieringen is close to the Dutch mainland, so building a barrage across the narrow strait separating it from Holland proper was a comparatively easy matter. From Den Oever, at the other end—which is about halfway across the outer Zuyder Zee—a huge dyke is under construction, which will extend all the way to Piaam, on the northern shore. The engineers engaged on the work have not waited, however, for the completion of this main dyke before embarking on their actual drying-up work. From Den Oever they have already built a barrage southward to the islet of Oude Zeug and continued it, at a sharp angle, to the southern shore of the mainland at Medemblik. In this way they have already enclosed a considerable body of water. Very soon the few narrow openings still available for the passage of water in and out of the enclosed area will be shut, after which the whole enclosed body of water, thus cut off from the rest of the Zuyder Zee, will be pumped out. This—the aforementioned area of 21,700 acres—is known as Zone No. 1 of the great reclamation project, the part of the Zuyder Zee to be dried having been divided into four zones. As soon as the great dyke between Den Oever, at the tip of the island of Wieringen, and Piaam, on the mainland, is completed, the other three zones will be practically cut off from the North Sea so the engineers can then proceed whenever they are ready to pump out the shallow water remaining in the Zuyder Zee and uncover a further large acreage of fertile "polder" land.

MOST of the Zuyder Zee is—as such things go—of comparatively recent date. Unlike other seas of our acquaintance, and unlike lakes and mountain ranges, which can point with pride to a birthday millions of years ago, the part of the Dutch inland sea which is doomed to dryness dates back only to the Thirteenth Century of our era. At that time a succession of terrific storms swept the North Sea, lashing its waves to such fury that they surged over the island chain which had hitherto protected the Dutch coast, and, rolling irresistibly onward, submerged a goodly portion of what had been until then part of the European mainland.

Had the sea done a really good submerging job, the Zuyder Zee would have remained, doubtless, for all time. But, as the years went by, it grew ever shallower. The ports which had sprung up along its shores found their harbors growing steadily less suitable for commerce. Gradually, one after another became so silted up as scarcely to deserve the name of harbor. Vessels shunned the Zuyder Zee until, little by little, only small coasting craft ventured into its waters.

FROM BEING thriving centers of seaborne trade, welcoming entire fleets of trading vessels into their harbors, the ports of the Zuyder Zee declined as the years went by until, at last, there was nothing for them but to take their place on the list of the "dead cities" of Holland. And there they still are!

Amsterdam, also originally a port on the Zuyder Zee, saw the handwriting on the wall, and, being a seaport inhabited by Dutchmen full of push and wealth, resolved not to sit in idleness while its harbor was being silted up and its commerce whisked away by rivals threatened with no such muddy fate. At an enormous cost the Amsterdamers dug themselves years ago a fine canal, running westward to the North Sea, large enough to accommodate vessels of deep draught and meet the requirements of their city's great maritime trade for decades.

Thus did Amsterdam save herself. Not so, however, other cities fringing the Zuyder Zee—Medemblik and Kampen among them. Today, hugging the edge of their shallow harbors, empty of ships and sunk in silence, they are delightful to the eye of artists and tourists, but, commercially, they are almost as dead as Carthage after Rome got through with her. In a few years more, with the Zuyder Zee dried out of existence, they will have no harbors at all and be obliged to learn—at their advanced age, think of it—the ABC of how to be inland towns.

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The Fictitious Negro

By GEORGE CHESTER MORSE

To Americans, not merely in the South, the Negro is not a human being but a concept. In recent years numerous books have been written about him, and in them he is ever on the point of reverting to savagery. The Negro is ludicrous, pathetic, absurd or dangerous—but rarely human. Mr. Morse, who has studied his race and has written numerous articles on the subject, herewith analyzes the literature relating to the modern Negro. Most of it, he thinks, is wholly inaccurate

THE LADIES' Missionary Society of a local church, becoming tired of the usual program, thought they would introduce novelty by having a young colored girl speak for them. She spoke perfect English, discussed Negro poetry intelligently and her physical attractiveness was coupled with a serene poise which some of her audience envied. When she had finished speaking, the applause she received was that of an astonished audience. It seemed so unusual to this audience of white Americans to hear a Negress speak without dialect, and without manifesting certain characteristics which they term Negroid.

It seems strange in this Twentieth Century, at a time when we boast of enlightenment and sophistication, that business men's wives should be amazed that a person of color should be intelligent and quite as human as they. It reminds one of the time when Paul Lawrence Dunbar, another member of this misunderstood race, was discovered to be a poet and consequently exhibited around the country as a Negro poet, hence a rare bird. That the Negro is regarded not as a human being amenable to the same influences as his white brother, but as a concept, can be easily accepted if one reflects and studies the colored minority of these United States of America. My mother is a laundress who is sometimes asked questions by her employers; they seem to think they will find something bizarre in her life. In asking about me, they stared at her when she told them that I wanted to be a journalist after finishing school. This itself was bold effrontery on my part; I, whose forefathers have done the chores for their white folks, seemed bold indeed to desire to use my brains instead of my muscles. And my mother fears that her employers might discover that we dwell in a well-furnished apartment with books and other features of the average middle-class American home. Such discovery might mean instant dismissal from their employ for daring to live contrary to this concept, different from the fictitious Negro.

They are legion who believe that if a native band from the jungles of Africa should parade the streets beating their tom-toms, all the black inhabitants of our cities would lose their acquired dignity and dance to its rhythm by virtue of inheritance alone. And though young Negro poets suffer the pathetic fallacy of yearning for palm trees and jungle-nights in their outburst of sentiment, this is but a fad that appeals to a definite sentiment because of frustration here in America. No, American Negroes do not suffer from such nostalgia as these poets would have us believe. Unknowingly, these poets have only enhanced the stereotyped opinion that Negroes are misfits away from their ancestral continent. Though the Negro boasts of heterogeneity, as he must if colored blood in even a minute proportion determines a Negro, yet this physical basis of difference narrows his entire personality to fit a concept. He is cast in one particular mold, so to speak, for our comprehension, that he may fulfil the beliefs long cherished and guarded with a sacredness that is indeed pathetic.

M-G-M

DANIEL HAYNES IN "HALLELUJAH"

Now that we have received a deluge of books dealing with Negro life *ad nauseam,* let us consider what all these volumes written in the last two years may reveal to us. Without doubt, the placement of the Negro in particular rôles as either comedian, imbecile, or creature of superstititon is quite entertaining. This entertainment value decides the success or failure of many who endeavor to write about Negro life. Since publishers are chiefly business men, one should not expect them to accept manuscripts that lack these essential entertaining features. They know they can sell only the concept.

Let a writer treat of Negro characters who seem to be foreign to this concept of the entity known as the Negro race, divest them of certain folk-ways, and depict them as human beings amenable to the *modus vivendi* of a material civilization, and we find the Negro less interesting. If, perchance, they are sophisticated, and use classic slang instead of dialect, the word Negro will have lost its savor when these characters are thus described. When that day comes when they will be written of in this manner, the word Negro will probably have a different connotation to many in his stereotyped capacity, as we learn to recognize in its stead ladies and gentlemen of color.

The credulity of the masses is still exploited by Octavus Roy Cohen in his *Saturday Evening Post* stories, known for overdone humor. There are Negro comedians and imbeciles, but they don't constitute the Negro race as Mr. Cohen would have us believe. And when the directors at Hollywood prepare for a photoplay with a ghost plot, the casting director must telephone for one or two

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Negroes to be used to register fear for our benefit. Even the much improved movie has not forsaken all of the stereotypes.

The depiction of Negro life has caused distinct reactions. Negroes themselves, who tolerate and practically enjoy burlesque of the comic and sordid phases of Negro life, suffer extreme sensitiveness when such is openly depicted for white readers and audiences. I know of many Negroes who expressed indignation on seeing *Porgy,* forgetting or ignoring its artistic worth, sensing its sordidness as a thing for white people to relish. And many Negroes on learning of *Home to Harlem,* written by one of their race, opened the book to close it soon in disgust because they read episodes that suggested moral laxity. And yet, such extreme sensitiveness is not without cause. When critics make certain commonplace blunders and are given to generalities, they enhance much that has been mythical and which is now undergoing a process of debunking. Some critics are prone to interpret Negro life as a particular racial propensity instead of interpreting it in the light of sociology and psychology. Few are the reviews that do not contain the words, primitive and exotic. These critics often mistake moral laxity among Negroes as a racial trait, as though it is a tendency that has its roots in the jungles of Africa. But in doing so, they display ignorance of tribal morality as studied by Westermarck and others. One wonders if tribal morality is less degrading than the morality of Western civilization. There are jungles in America called Black Belts where Negroes are forced to contend with economic and social disadvantages that encourage animalism.

Though many novels have been written about Negroes, there are none that can afford any just critic to say that this book is a true saga or depiction of the entire Negro minority of America. Just as we await the great American novel, which we almost welcomed in *Main Street,* we still await the novel that adequately satisfies our comprehension of the Negro and the problems that are peculiar to him. So far, novels of Negro life have fallen into three or four distinct classes. We have the propaganda novel, in which are portrayed the absurdities of race prejudice, the paradox-of-color novel in which one or more characters pass for white, and the folk novel in which the bizarre customs of a culture group are depicted.

M-G-M

A SCENE FROM "HALLELUJAH"
An all-negro moving picture

Thus the deluge of books can be classified. Let a few be saved and the rest burned, and we would not be less poor in literature. Critics should no longer persist in the fallacy of their stereotyped opinions but treat Negro characters in relation to their environment and other circumstances. If they could forget Africa and the fictitious Negro they will see the American Negro as a normal similar human being confronted with the problems that are natural to his status in these United States of America. Let us examine this literary mine which writers seem to have unearthed these last two years.

Harlem, considered the Mecca of Negroes, has been the locale of much literary treatment. Into its dives and bizarre dens, that are found in any congested portion of a city, the superficial writers have peeped and thereby entertained us with their array of exotic creatures. This superficial conclusion, enhanced by critics, that Harlem and Africa are one, has made it difficult for the sociologist to have a hearing. One white writer, associated with a sporting element of Negroes, attended a few wild parties and cabarets, and from his experiences wrote *Nigger Heaven.* From the segment of Harlem life with which he became acquainted, he made a stencil that is still being used, and the eyes of its readers were focused upon the cabaret life as the true essence of Harlem. Again, the fictitious Negro had scored by being a best seller.

A Negro poet, finding his poetical propensities netting him no financial gain, turned his poetry into prose and created the procurer whom he called Jake in *Home to Harlem.* Though Jake was not a character but a puppet controlled by the strings of the city that molded him, we are entertained by his changing from one woman to another, —a tale without a plot or any underlying purpose. And again the critics hailed a best seller and explained Jake's desultory life and weaknesses as natural because of his fatal inheritance. And yet the procurer, or male prostitute, is a product of Harlem and similar cities where Negro women are maladjusted and out-number the men. Since love, too, is subordinate to the laws of supply and demand, Jake takes advantage of this situation.

At present, one of the outstanding successes, not from a standpoint of merit but from the standpoint of longevity, hence financial, is a play entitled *Harlem,* which without the rent party scene would have little box-office attraction. To this play the hordes come to feast upon one exotic scene of Negro life, youth in primitive abandon, seeking recreation and diversion dancing in a stuffy Harlem flat.

The rent party is just a social by-

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We Become World-Conscious

By OLIVER McKEE, JR.

It is part of the credo of certain critics, here and abroad, that America is singularly ignorant of what the rest of the world is doing. The author of the present article has been examining that belief; and, it seems to us, the factual evidence he has gathered from such tell-tale sources as government departments and press associations, effectively contradicts it. Mr. McKee is Washington correspondent for the Boston Evening Transcript

A FEW WEEKS AGO, the voters of Great Britain went to the polls to decide the fate of the Baldwin Government. At their breakfast tables the following day, American newspaper readers, whether in New York or Kansas City, Portland, Maine, or Portland, Oregon, read full and complete accounts of the election, and soon thereafter capable interpretations of the significance of the outcome, both on the domestic affairs of the British people, and upon the foreign policies of the British Government. The news and interpretations came from several score American correspondents in England, supplemented by special cables from British writers. In the aggregate, the news reports on the British election sent across the Atlantic were surprisingly large.

Nor was this all. In the months preceding the election, the American press had carried column after column on the campaign. American correspondents in London had written a special series of articles, to explain to their American readers the issues of the campaign, and American magazines, not to be outdistanced by the daily press, both before and after the election published numerous articles by competent hands. When election day came, it was no fault of the fourth estate if the newspaper readers of this country were not familiar both with the issues of the campaign, and with the views and personalities of such leaders as MacDonald, Baldwin, and Lloyd George. Managing editors brought up in the old school of a generation or so ago, who were apt to think that news ended at the water's edge, would have rubbed their eyes with wonder to find that a British election could run a good local story off the front page.

Times have changed, and few changes involve so great a departure from the past as the vastly increased interest which American people have today in world affairs. The news columns of our daily press speak eloquently of this expanding interest. But back of the news columns lies a demand all along the line for information on foreign countries, a demand from business men, manufacturers, scholars, writers, and others. It is the purpose of this article to outline some of the more important phases of our vastly increased interest, as a nation, in foreign affairs.

In 1914, it was brought to the attention of President Wilson that no American press association, or newspaper, maintained a full-time American correspondent in South America. Even then, we had important trade and cultural relations with these republics. How did we get news from South America? Through the foreign-owned Havas and Reuters Agencies, and most of the news came to us by way of Europe. Similarly, these foreign agencies supplied the newspaper readers of South America with virtually their entire supply of information about the United States. This condition led to several results. First, American papers got little news about South American countries. Second, such news as did filter in was biased or colored, and third, South Americans had to rely on Europe to tell them what was happening in the United States. Rapid transmission of North American news to South America was unheard of.

To the United Press belongs the credit of seeing the news possibilities of the South American field, and of acting to supply the demand for news which kept growing as our trade with Latin America expanded by leaps and bounds. In 1916, the United Press opened a direct service from New York to Buenos Aires and Rio de Janeiro. Today, the United Press maintains bureaus, manned by Americans trained in North American newspaper work, in Buenos Aires, Santiago, Rio de Janeiro, Lima, Bogota, and La Paz. The Associated Press has also recognized the importance of South America, and maintains several correspondents there.

The development of the foreign service of the Associated Press tells us a good deal about the growing appetite of the American people for foreign news. In 1908, the Associated Press had ten bureaus in foreign countries, with fifty full-time employees, most of them Americans. Twenty years later, that is in 1928, the foreign bureaus of the Associated Press numbered thirteen, with many hundred other correspondents, but more significant, perhaps, was the fact that the full-time foreign personnel had risen to 100. It requires ten writers in London alone to supply British news to the American clients of the Associated Press. The cable tolls offer a no-less significant index of our broader outlook on world affairs. Twenty years ago, cable tolls on incoming matter cost the Associated Press about $140,000 a year; and the total amount of incoming cable dispatches ran to about a million and a half words a year. Cable tolls on press matter to the United States have been reduced one half since 1908, yet even with this reduction, it cost the Associated Press $300,000 last year to deliver 4,000,000 words of foreign news at the desks of the telegraph editors of American newspapers. The volume of the foreign news has therefore gone up more than 150 per cent. So important has the news of China become to American papers, especially those on the Pacific Coast, that the Associated Press has organized a bureau at Shanghai, as well as at Peking, and keeps a correspondent also at Nanking, the new capital of Nationalist China.

LET US turn again for a moment to the United Press, another of the great American news-gathering organizations Twenty years ago, the United Press did not exist. It now maintains 28 bureaus in Europe, South America and other parts of the world, with about 200 correspondents in other foreign cities who supply it with news on any development in their particular locality. In the Orient it maintains bureaus in Tokio, Osaka and Tientsin.

What is true of the press associations, is true of the great metropolitan newspapers. In 1870, Whitelaw Reid paid the Paris correspondent of the *Tribune* a thousand dollars, gold, annually, for a weekly letter. Feeling that the Paris man was not sending in enough copy, he offered him a flat twenty dollars a letter. Reid told John

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Hay in 1870 he was willing to pay him $1500 a year to go to Paris for the *Tribune,* but Hay finally decided to enter newspaper work in this country. It was not so many decades ago that a week-end cable from its London correspondent, with occasional supplements, as the need arose, satisfied the demand of New York readers for foreign news. London then was the main distributing point for European news sent across the Atlantic. Today, the *New York Times,* and other metropolitan papers, maintain well-staffed bureaus in the principal European capitals, with correspondents elsewhere that they can call upon in a pinch. Pick up a copy of the *New York Times* twenty or thirty years ago, and you will be surprised to find how little foreign news was printed. Buy the *Times,* or any other great metropolitan paper today, and you are as apt as not to find three or four front-page stories from the foreign correspondents of the paper you are reading. The bigger journals today have specialists on foreign affairs on their editorial staffs, and if the editorial page contains eight editorials, it will be a dull day when two or three do not take up a topic in the foreign field. As the seat of the League of Nations, Geneva has become an important center for foreign news sent to the United States. A half-dozen or so American correspondents make Geneva their permanent headquarters, and the number greatly increases when the League Assembly holds its annual meeting. Year in and year out, however, the stream of news from Geneva runs on. Soviet Russia provides another important source of foreign news sent to the American press, and the half-dozen American correspondents kept in Moscow have been sent there because there is a real demand here for news about Russia.

THREE decades ago, the *Chicago Tribune* and the *News* began to enter the foreign field. The Spanish American War in 1898 made us a world power, and the Boer War soon after increased the interest of the American people in affairs outside their own country. The World War created a new stimulus, and the foreign news organizations of such newspapers as the *Chicago Tribune, News,* and *Philadelphia Ledger* developed accordingly. These papers syndicate their foreign news reports, and syndicating has had one significant result. It has enabled newspapers to get and print foreign news which they could not otherwise afford to have. They can get as good a quality as their bigger associates. A generation or so ago, the publication of foreign news was largely confined to the press of the great metropolitan cities. Today, in addition to the reports from the Associated Press, United Press or International News Service, the editor of a paper in a small city of 50,000 can buy the reports of such foreign news gathering organizations as those of the *Chicago Tribune,* the *News,* and the *Philadelphia Ledger.* As a result, foreign news is much more widely distributed through the United States than it was two or three decades ago.

EXACT COMPARISON would be hard, if not impossible to make, but it is safe to say that American papers print much more news about Europe than do European papers about the United States. There are a few foreign correspondents in New York, and a still smaller group in Washington. Read the list of newspaper correspondents admitted to the press galleries of Congress, and you will find only three or four foreign journals represented. Contrast this with the half-hundred American newspaper correspondents in both Paris and London.

Back of our present-day interest in world affairs lies an economic urge. Between thirteen and fourteen billion dollars of American cash is invested abroad, and our foreign trade is worth ten billions a year. We have become the greatest investing nation in the world. In 1927 we received as interest $740,000,000 from our foreign investments. To put it in another way, every man, woman and child in the United States has a stake of $120 in these overseas investments of ours or six times the per capita amount in 1916. Make note of this also. Banking houses in New York and other big cities do not take all the foreign issues to sell to their own customers. They push over the counter large blocks of these securities to little bankers from other parts of the country. What is the result? The fourteen billion dollars which we have invested abroad comes from investors of all types, from every part of the country. The economic bases of our interest in world affairs have thus been tremendously broadened within the past decade. The investor in a small Kansas town who has part of his life's savings invested in a post-War German business enterprise has more than an academic interest in the reparations problem. The Young plan means something to him. And he wants to read about it.

The growth in our exports has given another great stimulus to our interest in world affairs. In the pre-War era, few but the biggest companies paid much attention to the export field. Today, even the factories in the small towns are looking into the possibilities of the foreign markets. If any one requires proof that American business men have become world-conscious, let him repair to the Department of Commerce, and ask for a few statistics. In 1922, the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce rendered 505,000 individual services to the American people. The bulk of these were answers to specific requests for information which business men filed with the bureau. For the fiscal year 1928-1929, the total had jumped to 3,343,118. American business men seem to be especially interested just now in Latin America, for 34 per cent of all the bureau's services, classified geographically, related last year to some of the countries south of us, as compared with 24 per cent of the questions answered in 1921-1922. Far Eastern inquiries have showed in recent years a significant increase also.

THE AMERICAN business man approaches the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce with an active mind. Every business day he asks 10,300 questions on current commercial problems. An enterprising dealer in hides and skins, for example, discovered that during May, the pilgrimage month, 500,000 goats and 1,000 camels are killed at Mecca, and he wanted to find out what becomes of the skins of the animals. One manufacturer asked for the best markets abroad for glass eyes, and another, with an imagination no less keen, wanted to know the size of the feet of the different peoples in South America, and the percentages of the population that went barefoot. An expert for an accident-insurance company requested some statistics on the number of arms broken in cranking automobiles in different parts of the world. And so on.

The Department of State bears witness also to the growing world consciousness of the American people. The Department today is a vastly bigger machine than it was even during the War. Discussing with the writer the

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The Trend of Events

Self-Portrait

IN A twenty-thousand word pamphlet entitled "Unspotted from the World," Bishop James Cannon, Jr., replies to "various publications which have been made concerning him by wet and Roman Catholic and other newspapers." It will not silence his critics. It may grieve his friends. No one else would have painted a harsher picture of him than he paints of himself between the lines of this casuistical apologia. The outline he draws of himself is not that of a man of the cloth but that of a shrewd trader and hard-bitten politician. The details are filled in with unconscious savagery.

During the Presidential campaign he vehemently denied that bigotry inspired his anti-Smith movement. Yet animus against Catholicism is daubed all over this vast, verbal canvas. Referring to "those secular papers which reflect the wet and veiled, but real Roman Catholic influence," he adds in parentheses: "and how many of them do not?" The Roman Catholic leadership in this country, he says, "is set to destroy prohibition as the child of Protestantism and it is not surprising that Smith and Raskob, loyal sons of the Church, hold that attitude."

His tortuous reasoning becomes ludicrous when he denies that he has interfered with "purely political" activities in Virginia, while admitting that "as the representative of the moral forces of the State" he has "insisted upon" the passage of certain legislation, and the selection of officials who favor it. He has never attempted to influence office holders except as their acts and appointments "pertained to moral or educational matters." He demonstrates ability to make "moral or educational matters" cover nine-tenths of politics when he declares that the Virginia campaign between bone-dry candidates revolves on the issue of prohibition.

He bolsters up his arguments for stock speculation by referring to the many worthy persons who engage in it. What, then, becomes of his opinions on prohibition? Certainly many worthy persons oppose prohibition and drink intoxicants. There is much hypocrisy regarding stock speculation, he says. Surely there is a thousand times more regarding prohibition. If stock speculation is wrong, he adds, the Church should eliminate all members who speculate. Would he have it eliminate all who drink intoxicants?

The more he struggles the deeper in he gets. Better for him had he eliminated eighteen thousand of his twenty thousand words. Better still had he eliminated twenty thousand.

The Virginia Primary

EMPLOYING TACTICS he denounces in others, Bishop Cannon issued his statement two days before the Virginia gubernatorial primary, obviously to influence its outcome. Supporting none of the three Democratic candidates, he endeavored chiefly to reduce the number at the polls, in the hope of building up the candidacy of William Moseley Brown, who will represent both Cannonites and Republicans in the November election. The number of votes cast—140,000—was smaller by 35,000 than four years ago, but the difference may be due more to lack of arousing issues and personalities than to the Bishop's exhortations.

Underwood

"UNSPOTTED FROM THE WORLD"

Bishop James Cannon, Jr., demands repudiation of "Raskobism"

The choice of John Garland Pollard, endorsed by Governor Byrd, Senators Glass and Swanson, and the regular organization, as the Democratic nominee for Governor by a majority of 70,000 suggests that the Democratic ranks in Virginia are closing up following the disastrous division last fall, but this remains to be proved. Determined to punish those Democrats who refused to repudiate Governor Smith, Bishop Cannon may be depended upon to fight for his candidates, aided by the Virginia Republicans marshalled by C. Bascom Slemp. The election, he says, will be contested on national issues, that is, on whether the national Democratic party shall be dominated by its Northern, urban, anti-prohibition faction, represented by John J. Raskob, or by its Southern, rural, prohibition faction, represented by himself.

His success may depend upon the extent to which he can make such issues dominant. Undoubtedly, many Virginians can still be swayed by the appeals made to them last fall; how many is a question. Governor Smith is not a candidate this year, and it may be hard to arouse Virginia to the menace of Professor Pollard, an orthodox dry and a Protestant.

If his candidate loses, Bishop Cannon's political prestige will decline. If he wins, it will grow and he may be expected to prosecute vigorously his campaign to drive Mr. Raskob and the urban Democrats out of the party. For the first time in decades, a Virginia State election is more important than a Democratic primary. It promises also to be of national significance.

Self-Rule for Egypt

ACCORDING TO ONE of the proposals for a new British-Egyptian treaty, "Military occupation of Egypt by the forces of his Britannic Majesty is terminated." Not literally, of course. Not in this realistic world. British troops are to be withdrawn from Cairo, Alexandria, and other points and concentrated along the banks of the Suez Canal, that indispensable link between the British Isles and India, Australia, and New Zealand. The rest is rhetoric.

Yet in this section, as in others, the new treaty, if ratified by the British and Egyptian Parliaments, will represent a long step toward the ideal of self determination. The office of British High Commissioner, a thorn in the flesh of Egyptian patriots, will be abandoned. Meanwhile, the Commissioner will be

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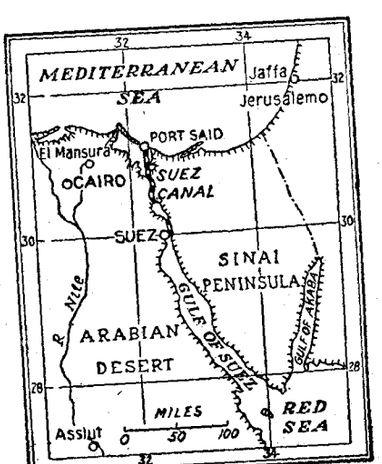
Sir Percy Loraine, successor to the arch-nationalist, Lord Lloyd, recently deposed by the Labor Government. When, and if, the treaty is accepted, Sir Percy will become the first British Ambassador to Egypt. There will also be an Egyptian Ambassador in London.

Britain agrees to assist Egypt into the League of Nations, to entrust the Egyptian Government with responsibility for the lives and property of foreigners, and to aid in abolishing the system which gives them special legal privileges. Egypt promises not to adopt foreign policies running counter to London's, to render aid and allow the British freedom of the country in time of war, and to employ Britons whenever she needs financial, judicial, or military experts.

Great Britain entered Egypt when the artful Disraeli purchased for the Crown stock in the Suez Canal held by the wastrel Khedive Ismail I, and extended control to shield him from wrathful nationalists. Though the British reorganized the Egyptian army, reduced taxes, discouraged corruption, assured justice to the fellaheen, or peasants, and developed industry and agriculture, their interference has been deeply resented by Egyptian patriots. During the War Britain, for military reasons, declared Egypt a protectorate, but ended this rule in 1922.

Now, while protecting her own interests, Great Britain to a large extent is giving the Egyptians the opportunity, for which they have continually struggled, of working out their own destiny. The proposed treaty is as altruistic as cold circumstances permit.



New York "Times"

Suez Canal Zone

Ewing Galloway

American Scenery

▸▸*Fireworks at The Hague*

No trace of altruism softened the British attitude during the opening days of The Hague conference on the Young plan. Savior of more than one international meeting since the War, conciliator in several international rows, Great Britain appeared at The Hague to kick up a row of her own. Would the speedy adoption of the Young plan redound to the benefit of all the rest of Europe? Then let all the rest of Europe go hang. This time, Great Britain was out for Great Britain alone.

Brusquely, Chancellor of the Exchequer Snowden demanded that the Young plan be radically revised. Curtly, he insisted that the old Spa percentages dividing reparations among Germany's creditors be restored, that Great Britain be given a larger share of unpostponable payments, that payments in goods, instead of being continued for ten years, be shut off at once. Moreover, he wanted action; he didn't want to spend the rest of his days at The Hague. The French delegates glared. The Chancellor whistled—literally. He would have plenty of other demands later on, he intimated. For example, Great Britain had her doubts about the proposed international bank of settlements.

Meanwhile, strangely enough, France and Germany were working together on problems over which they had been thought passionately at odds—reparations and the evacuation of the Rhineland and the Saar. Fearing that Germany might back up Great Britain, M. Briand got her to promise not to. He paid for the concession by agreeing to consider political matters—the Rhineland and the Saar—concurrently with financial matters. Thus he put Foreign Minister Stresemann in a position to bargain for evacuation before accepting the Young plan.

A good case can be made out for the British position, as Mr. Snowden's brisk arguments indicated. Yet it is questionable whether it was wise for Britain to weary of good works just at this time, whether the direct disadvantages to her of the Young plan would not be outweighed by indirect advantages following disposal of the whole vexed reparations business.

▸▸*Roadside Merger*

Five gallons of gasoline and a hot dog have long been linked in the mind of the motorist. It is not surprising, therefore, to see big business uniting the refreshment stand with the filling station and giving the merger its benediction. The Standard Oil Company will erect hot-dog stands and operate them jointly with a food products corporation. Thus a fine supply of fresh dimes will be diverted Rockefellerward.

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In view of the fact that the hot-dog trade has monopolized American scenery and that Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of late has interested herself in this particular sort of scenic improvement, Standard Oil refreshment stands should hold aesthetic interest. A year ago, three prize competitions for attractive roadway stands, particularly those near filling stations, were initiated by Mrs. Rockefeller. Of the hundreds of drawings of original plans submitted, a Colonial New England design was selected as the best, because of its "sheer charm." Perhaps combination filling stations and refreshment stands of this, or a similar, design will appear in New York, Massachusetts, Connecticut, and Rhode Island, where the Standard Oil Company plans to begin its new enterprise.

Decidedly, State highways could do with more charm. Moreover, the entrance of big business into the field argues that many smaller and less professional establishments may be forced out of business, thus giving the motorist a glimpse of Nature here and there along the road. Commercialized charm is often hard to bear, but the present ugliness of highways is harder.

The Inquiry Opens

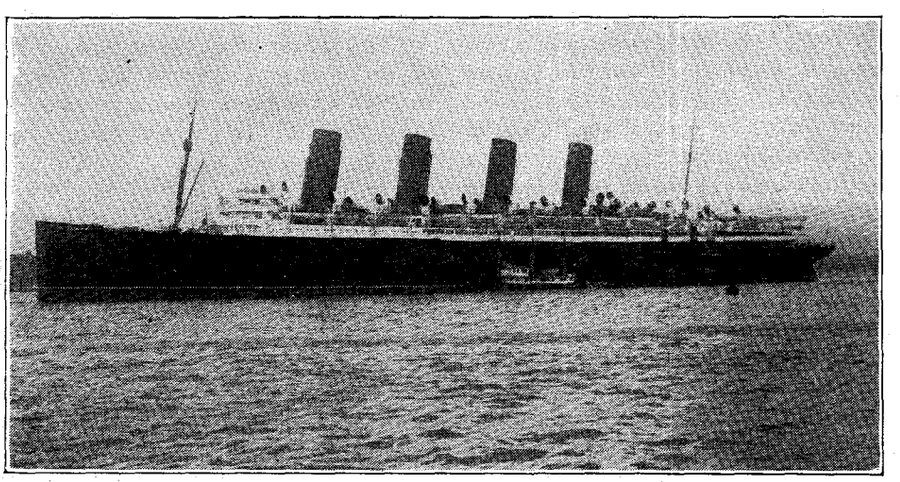
HAVING TAKEN THOUGHT and counsel for eight or ten weeks, the Hoover Law Enforcement Commission, splitting itself into eleven sub-commissions, now tunnels into its work from every point of the compass. There are sub-commissions on courts, police, penal institutions, juvenile delinquency, lawlessness of law-enforcers, prosecutions, the foreign born, cost, causes, and statistics of crime, and—ssh!—even prohibition.

The last-named subject is, of course, incomparably the most important, despite feeble efforts to wave it away as a minor feature of the Commission's vast inquiry. Indeed, the Commission's value would be greatly increased were it to investigate this subject alone. Doubtless, prohibition will soon swim into the ken of all eleven sub-commissions. Meanwhile—an index to the heart of the inquiry—it is noteworthy that Mr. Wickersham, chairman of the full Commission, is chairman of the prohibition sub-commission also, and of no other.

The remaining prohibition commissioners are Newton D. Baker, Judge Kenyon, and Ada L. Comstock. Mr. Baker is a wet, Judge Kenyon, co-author of the Webb-Kenyon act, a dry, Miss Comstock a toss-up. Apparently, the President of Radcliffe College has no opinion on prohibition. At least, she has eagerly refrained from expressing one.

As for Mr. Wickersham himself, some time ago he predicted that the Jones law would come to a bad end. He is a wet, then. Later, after becoming Chairman, he declared in Wickersham Indiscretion No. 1 that it was intellectually possible, but not probable, that the Commission would recommend modification of the Volstead Act. He is a dry, then. Still later, in Wickersham Indiscretion No. 2—without indicating whether he wished to liberalize Volsteadism or stiffen it—he declared that, if the Federal Government would bedevil the big bootleggers and the States the little ones, the dry laws might be modified to make them "reasonably enforceable." So he is either a wet or a dry, then.

Notwithstanding its embarrassed start, the Commission, through its prohibition sub-commission, has a chance to perform a useful service. It can do so by examining the facts of prohibition with a reasonably open mind, coming to "constructive and courageous conclusions"—in Mr. Hoover's words—and making its recommendations without fear or favor.



Underwood

SELF-BEATEN

The Mauretania has bettered her old record, though not that of the Bremen

Other Items

THE REPORT THAT the Law Enforcement Commissioners are digging into their jobs takes precedence in wet-dry news. But there is no lack—when is there any lack?—of other items.

With a thousand dry agents straining to hold back hordes of border-runners in the Detroit River sector, all's noisy on the northern front. The Treasury Department is formally "pleased" with the Federal defensive; it rejoices to think that only 53,892 cases of whiskey and beer were consigned to the United States from five Ontario communities in July.

Meanwhile, the casualty list lengthens. The latest victim is a prohibition agent, found floating in the river, dead, with a broken neck. Seizures, escapes, running fights, close calls—all are of regular occurrence. Prohibition Commissioner Doran's decision to deprive dry agents working in thickly-settled districts of their rifles, leaving them only their pistols, apparently will not apply to the Federals at Detroit. There, he says, the invading bootleggers become more belligerent and the Government must resist them stoutly.

The I'm Alone affair, it is announced, will be arbitrated by Justice Vandevanter, of the United States Supreme Court, and Eugene Lafleur, eminent Montreal lawyer. Ex-Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania will make the American arguments; John E. Read, legal adviser to the Canadian Department of External Affairs, will speak for Canada. The arbitrators will attempt to decide where the I'm Alone was when the Dexter sighted her, whether the pursuit was hot and continuous, whether a chase may be started within an hour's sailing distance from shore, whether the Coast Guard cutter was justified in sending the rum-runner to the bottom.

Opportunely, "with the season for the manufacture of fruit juices approaching and with a wide distribution likely," Commissioner Doran warns his men against interfering with the home production and consumption of cider

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and fruit juices "non-intoxicating in fact." How these beverages escaped the Volstead ban is a thrice-told tale of favoritism shown to the farmer. But within the past few years the city man has been coached by commercial interests to store fruit juices in his cellar and let Nature take its course. Thus evilly he distorts a provision intended to conserve the alcoholic interests of tillers of the soil.

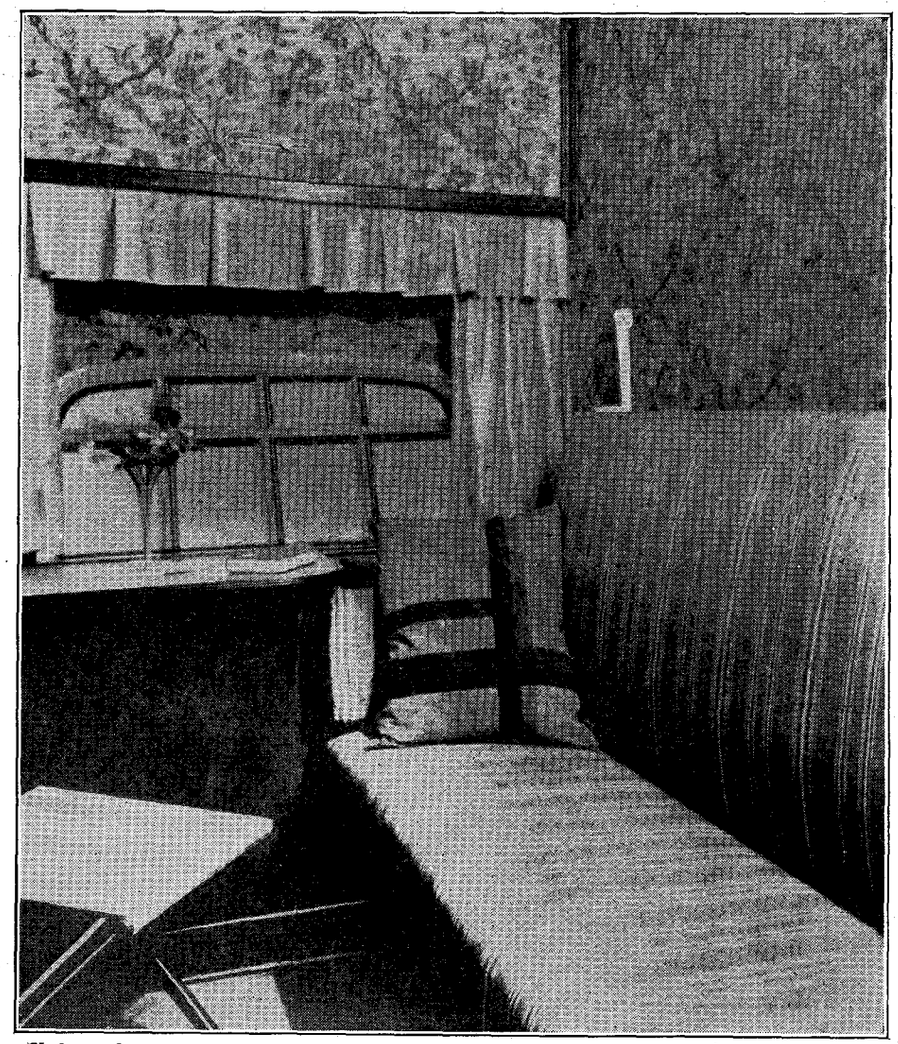
▸▸*Ex-Queen*

THE MAURETANIA, grand old lady of the seas, will have to substitute lavender or gray, or some other shade more suitable to her advanced years, for her jaunty blue pennant. For the Mauretania is well out of her 'teens. As her captain pointed out, she has smoked a good bit in her day and is a trifle short-winded. Yet she need not mind taking it easy now while the Bremen, reigning belle of the moment, streaks past her; she has her memories.

Moreover, there's life in the old girl yet. Thoroughly overhauled before her last westward trip, she set out to see how much of the eight hours' difference between her own and the Bremen's record she could slice off. She was constantly beset with bad weather, whereas weather conditions for the Bremen had been perfect. Speed had to be reduced for several hours while a surgical operation was performed on board. Nevertheless, she finished nearly five hours ahead of her own previous record and but four hours behind that of the Bremen—this with the same boilers and turbine engines with which she steamed from Liverpool to New York on her maiden voyage twenty-two years ago in 1907.

It is admittedly doubtful that, even with ideal weather, the ex-queen could go the pace of her new rival. Her maximum average, it is thought, would be 27.4 knots an hour, while the Bremen averaged 27.83 on her westward trip and probably will better that as her machinery is broken in. Then, too, there will be a fresh crop of slim, high-stepping young things to compete with, as the ship-building programs of the various countries are carried forward.

The Mauretania may rest content. Let these young whippersnappers wait until they are her age; then, if they are able to beat their own records as substantially as she has beaten hers, they will indeed have something to boast about.



Underwood

A ROOM WITH A VIEW

One of the ten passengers' staterooms on the Graf Zeppelin

▸▸*The Graf Zeppelin*

THE ZEPPELIN FLIGHT—beg pardon, the Hearst-Zeppelin flight—captures the imagination, as does any activity of these huge, slightly incredible ships which now and then nose through the sky, inviting mortals to gape. Eclipsing its last year's Friedrichshafen-New York record by sixteen hours, it arrived in this country and landed its passengers, chimpanzee, gorilla, and 600 canaries. Then it faced around, and, fifty-five hours after leaving Lakehurst, entered its hangar back home, first stop in the Tokio-Los Angeles-New York circuit—a 21,700-mile trip, the longest ever attempted by a dirigible.

Yet, just as there is hardly an adventurous person who would not swap places with one of the Graf Zeppelin's passengers, there is hardly a shrewd person who believes that the much-discussed commercial transatlantic dirigible service is a possibility for the near future. Commander Sir Charles D. Burney, head of the company which built the British giant R-100, has pointed out that, in the first place, the Graf Zeppelin's crossing time does not show a sufficiently big margin over that of fast ships.

Furthermore, even if, as Dr. Eckener and other experts hope, dirigibles prove able to make the crossing in two days or so, other obstacles present themselves. There is the expense of housing and inflating the craft, its perishable nature, and the size of the ground crew which must be maintained for launching and landing purposes. Again, there is the difficulty of mooring a ship of 8,000,000 cubic feet capacity in all weathers, not to mention the difficulty of keeping it aloft. For spectacular purposes, the dirigible undoubtedly will increase in feasibility and popularity. As a business proposition, however, its prospects remain decidedly up in the air.

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Unreformed Prisons

REVOLT, FLARING AT the Federal prison in Leavenworth, Kansas, spread to the near-by State prison at Lansing, Kansas, on the very day Mr. Hoover announced his plan to relieve overcrowding in Federal penitentiaries. In this, the fourth outbreak in two weeks' time, two convicts were killed, while another prisoner and a guard were wounded.

The President's $5,000,000 program embodies some, though not all, of the recommendations made by the Congressional committee which investigated the penitentiaries last year. Months before the recent riots at Auburn, Dannemora, and Leavenworth, the committee stressed the great need not only for new prisons but for new ideas on prison administration.

Atlanta, it learned, was 127 per cent overcrowded, Leavenworth 87 per cent. It condemned the "vicious practice" of placing two prisoners in a single cell. It found men and women confined in dark, ill-ventilated basements. Worst of all, it discovered no segregation of old and young, sick and well, hardened criminals and first offenders. Nor were conditions better in the State and local jails in which about half of the 18,000 Federal prisoners board out.

President Hoover proposes to overhaul and make additions to old prisons and to construct a new one in the Northeast. But the committee advised against enlargement of old institutions. It suggested two new penitentiaries—one in the Southwest, another in the Northeast—as well as a hospital for criminals, a juveniles' institution, numerous Federal workhouses, and several narcotic farms. This, it pointed out, would permit the classification and segregation of prisoners urged by expert penologists.

The Hoover plan also calls for an increase in the number of probation officers. The Congressional committee was surprised to find no Federal probation system worthy of the name. Its survey showed that 5,000 prisoners could immediately be released on parole, and that the saving would amount to $4,000 a day—almost $1,500,000 a year.

It also recommended a systematic program of work. Numerous articles used by the Government could be manufactured in the prisons with little or no detriment to free labor. A reasonable wage paid to the prisoner, with most of it set aside for his family, might improve prison morale.

The committee's recommendations deserve study as a whole. Now that public attention has been forcibly drawn to this problem, it should be tackled comprehensively.

After Il Duce

ANTI-FASCISTS ARE elated at the escape of three of their leaders—Francesco Nitti, Professor Carlo Rosselli, savant, and Emilio Lussu, war hero and former member of Parliament—from the penal Island of Lipari, off the Northern coast of Sicily. Along with several hundred other prisoners, all three had been serving sentences for activities deemed subversive. For two years they plotted their escape. On the night of July 27, they slipped through the ranks of the four hundred guards, reached the shore, and swam to a waiting motor boat. For days they lived in terror of capture. Finally, they reached Paris.

Those who oppose Il Duce are none too tenderly treated. The details are familiar. Seized by the police on evidence furnished by unknown spies, the three men had been held without questioning and sentenced without trial. Not until they reached Lipari did they hear the charges against them. There they were informed that they might appeal to Rome. They did so. Rome was deaf. Pressure was exercised on their families to the end of exchanging their release for their endorsement of Fascism, which they refused. In their opinion, prejudiced, naturally, Fascism is losing ground. Signor Nitti, formerly a teacher, is convinced that the growing generation will finally overthrow the dictatorship.

Count Giovanni Elia, explaining Fascism at the Williamstown Institute of Politics, declared that, instead of its being overthrown, it will be embraced by other nations as their political systems are touched with "fatal decadence." Edward Corsi, delegated by the Italian Ambassador to answer a series of articles in the *New York World*, also looks toward the future of Fascism. Candidly, he agrees that "liberty in Italy, as we understand it in America, is a corpse." Yet he has words of praise for Mussolini's health, welfare, educational, anti-crime, public works, and land-reclamation program. It is his conviction that Fascism will live, through a gradual weakening of its iron grip in response to changing conditions. Meanwhile, the world, interested but unconvinced by its own answers, keeps asking, "After Mussolini, what?"

Remarkable Remarks

Politics and liquor apparently are as inseparable a combination as beer and pretzels. — MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT.

I have never desired nor have I ever had political control of Virginia. I have as the representative of the moral forces of the State insisted upon the passage of certain legislation. — BISHOP JAMES CANNON, JR.

Money rules the Church as surely as it does politics and industry.—REV. ALBERT R. H. MILLER.

Much as we deplore them wars are necessary to develop great generals. —REV. DR. SAMUEL G. NEIL.

There is not an organization in the United States more deeply and fundamentally interested in peace than the American Legion.—COMMANDER PAUL V. MCNUTT.

Men are nothing compared to women — when excited. — ARTHUR BRISBANE.

I am firm in my belief that any one not only can be rich but ought to be rich.—JOHN T. RASKOB.

They [Bankers] have dedicated themselves to service and doomed themselves to poverty.—CRAIG B. HAZLEWOOD.

Sitting Pretty

ONE WEEK AFTER 14-year-old Avon Foreman of Baltimore set the juvenile flagpole-sitting record at 250 hours and slid to earth, twenty-three Baltimore poles sprouted human lollypops, ranging from ten to fifteen years of age.

The sight kindled Mayor Broening's civic pride. Each in his own back yard, some on ironing boards, some on makeshift divans, some on rough platforms, the youths hung high, demonstrating "the old pioneering spirit of early America." The phrase is the Mayor's. He visited the sitters in person, autographed their guest books, commended them on their grit and stamina, and bade them sit courageously for Avon Foreman's crown.

It required little to become a sitter. Courage, of course, vision, presumably, and a dollar for a permit. City officials inspected the poles for safety and insisted that some sort of net be spread at the base. Sitting conditions and pas-

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times while seated were left to individual imagination. One boy practiced his violin; another read his Bible and listened while his pastor held services at the foot of his perch; a girl lolled in Oriental luxury, with cushions, a back rest, and a radio. Parents and friends became managers and press agents over night. Shipwreck Kelly, champion adult flagpole-sitter of the world, must have shaken in his boots.

Life is a poor, dull thing, nowadays, to the person who does not hold, or has not striven to hold, the record for something. Even Mutt and Jeff have been compelled to fly to China upside down to express themselves. Who knows? Today's juvenile flagpole-sitters may be tomorrow's champion peanut pushers, hog callers, or marathon pianists. Youth is far-seeing and ambitious in Baltimore. But has Baltimore no errands to be run, no lawns to be mowed, no fences to be whitewashed? Above all, has it no slippers and no woodsheds?

▸▸*Stowaways*

IT WAS FITTING that one of the feminine contenders for flagpole-sitting fame should have sent congratulations and condolences to Albert Boschko, the Graf Zeppelin's unhappy stowaway. Cut from the same bolt, stowaways and flagpole-sitters undoubtedly understand one another. Before their eyes dance the same alluring visions—of money, renown, and movie and vaudeville contracts—the potency of which they have learned from their elders.

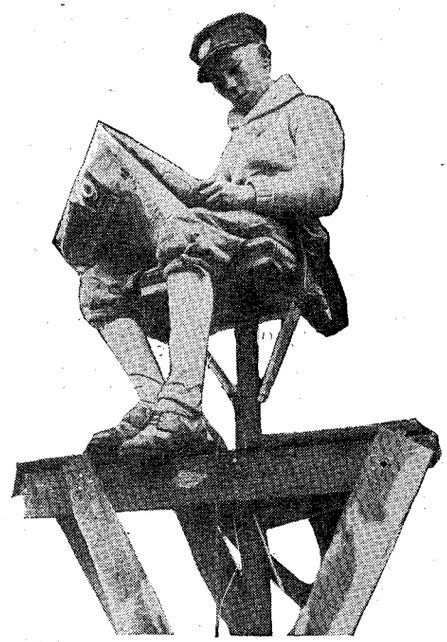
Air transportation, fortunately, has grown up. A year ago the stowaway Clarence Terhune emerged from the Graf Zeppelin in Germany to be fêted and exclaimed over. This year, Arthur Schreiber was sent home, chastened, from France; Albert Boschko has been ignominiously deported to Germany to face a fine, imprisonment, or both. The fact that stowaways are too young to know better, that they endanger their own lives and the lives of others without realizing it, does not commend them to air navigators, who have chosen two sure-fire means—more punishment and less publicity—to get rid of them.

▸▸*Unstandardized*

ZENITH AND MIDDLETOWN may be winning, but they have not won the day. Not yet. Our expression in a recent issue of admiration for towns and cities which, preserving some sense of individuality, refuse to become exactly like their neighbors has brought a reassuring number of bids for nomination to our growing list of unstandardized towns.

From them we select four. There is Northfield, Massachusetts, for instance, a town which claims distinction partly on the ground that it boasts not a single lawyer (for who wants lawyers who is not looking for trouble?) but has so many doctors—medical, theological, and otherwise—that it is safe for a stranger to address any one he accosts with that title.

Then there is Colby, Kansas. Colby must be where all good citizens go when they die. Its inhabitants never have to pay taxes. A municipality owned and operated light and water plant takes care of the community's expenses, and, when the plant prospers, water rates are reduced.



Acme

INACTION

Avon O. Foreman of Baltimore, first junior flagpole-sitting champion

Hard by, in Arkansas, is Kingston. No use to look on your map for Kingston; very likely it is not there—too remote and too small. Once in Kingston you stay; its citizens are fond of saying that Kingston has a road in but none out. Probably you want to stay, anyway, for the village, high in the Ozarks and thirty miles from the nearest railroad, offers many of the cultural advantages of a small city.

In Dayton, Ohio, the fight against standardization wages around the old courthouse, built in 1854, a justly famous example of classical architecture which holds modernism at bay on one of the town's central "four corners." Ah, but the building is not up-to-date. It has no elevator; nothing but a hanging stone stairway in the main hallway, a stairway that is an engineering triumph, so perfectly balanced as to need no support. Moreover, the site on which the building stands would fetch a million dollars. Yet, so far, despite the grumbling of the standardizers, the old courthouse remains safe, a perennial subject for discussion in Dayton.

Having been asked to, we cheerfully add these four names to the list. As long as its inhabitants wish a town to retain its individuality, it will do so. As long as they wish it to remain unstandardized, it is, to that extent, unstandardized.

Our list remains open.

▸▸*In Brief*

BILLY SUNDAY DECLARES he has rejected an opportunity to go into the movies. Possibly Billy considers the movies undignified . . . . Despite their thousand misfortunes luckless Captain Ahrenberg and Lieutenant Floden recently sent a message from Greenland denying the report that they intended to abandon their flight from Stockholm to New York. If ever these two patient, persistent Swedes go in for anagrams, the experts had better look to their laurels . . . . It is announced that, following the trend of the times, the House of the Seven Gables at Salem is taking in lodgers. It is not following the trend of the times unless a sign out front reads, "Stop—Drive In—Souvenirs for Sale—Tourists Accommodated." . . . . Reports persist that Airman Assollant and his American bride of a few weeks have, as Walter Winchell would say, phfft. If this man and wife have succeeded in quarreling, despite the fact that she can speak no French, and he no English, it is certainly a distressingly harsh commentary on the institution of marriage . . . . Cynics were cruel to smile at the recent report that a New York bootlegger had been accidentally shot and killed by a dry agent when the latter discharged his gun as he stumbled and fell. Now another dry agent has accidentally killed a Texas farmer, and it seems that this agent, too, discharged his gun while falling down This proves that there was nothing strange about the first case, after all . . . . When an airplane interrupted a

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golf game by crashing on Long Island links, irate players not only denounced the fliers but pummeled them as well. One might look a long time for a more striking indication that America begins to take aviation as a matter of course . . . . Disregarding the goring received by Sydney Franklin, the only American matador, doubtless most Americans will continue to declare that bullfighting is unfair because the bullfighter always wins.

Back Stage in Washington

WASHINGTON, D. C.

WE ARE NOT SURPRISED to learn, through Mrs. Mabel Walker Willebrandt's memoirs, that the Republican party rather than herself inspired the injection of the religious issue into the last presidential campaign. We had, in our political peregrinations last autumn, found traces of deliberate intent on the part of individual political leaders to stir up religious strife. We knew, too, that Mrs. Willebrandt was not acting in the rôle of a "free lance," as National Chairman Hubert Work said, when she made her famous —or infamous— speech exhorting Methodist ministers to don the armor of the politician.

What the lady lawyer has done is to allocate responsibility. She says that James Francis Burke, who held the post of political adviser to President Hoover at Republican G. H. Q., "edited" her suggestion to Methodist parsons that they could "swing the election." Though she does not drag in Dr. Work, she insinuates that the two telegrams commanding her to take to the pulpit were from him. President Hoover was mentioned only in laudatory terms, but Mrs. Willebrandt's references to Burke reminds us that his desk during the campaign was at Mr. Hoover's personal headquarters on Massachusetts Avenue; we cannot escape the fact that Burke has had the run of the Executive office since March 4 and that he is looked upon as the Frank Stearns or Colonel House of this Administration. Mrs. Willebrandt, of course, was cognizant of the close association between the President and the Pittsburgh politician who has served as general counsel of the national committee for twenty years. Though her published article seemed to involve nobody but Burke in the mind of the casual reader, we at Washington saw in it a direct hit at the White House.

We find that most political observers place credence in Mabel's statement of the case. Mr. Burke's delay in filing his denial inclined many to believe that he was somehow involved. His explanation for the delay is that he would have paid no attention to the charge had it not been for protests from G. O. P. politicians from coast to coast. The messages from national committeemen, we understand, demanded that he deny the charge. We also understand that Mr. Hoover insisted upon a disavowal.

Weed in N. Y. "Evening World"

Up in Mabel's Room

Though there is merit in this explanation, we cannot see how an official so placed and accused could let three days slip by without an answer. Moreover Mr. Burke knew that Mrs. Willebrandt was going to charge him with raising the religious issue, for he asked her some time ago not to make such an accusation. But Mabel, we are told, said she had suffered under public condemnation long enough; and was now going to have her say. As soon as she quit office, it seems, she decided that now it could be told—and sold.

Publication of "Mabel's memoirs," as the politicians refer to them in sarcastic tones, was only the culmination of her counter-attack; the skirmishing began long ago. She has been quite skilful, we hear, in planting her story of the religious episode. Since last autumn she has been telling her side to personal friends among the press men. She seemed to be seeking from these cynical and experienced gentlemen sympathy and support for her plight. She was apparently asking approval for her original decision that, as a party politician, she ought to carry out orders even if they led to nation-wide religious strife, and for her further conclusion that, as a "good sport," she ought to keep silent under contumely and criticism.

Now, since she and Calvin Coolidge and Dolly Gann and Mrs. William E. Borah have set the style of personal confessions, we confess that an eminent correspondent recently consulted us anent the "inside" story she told him. She had divulged more details than she gave in her syndicated sob, and she had also conveyed the impression that she would not be grieved if he published them. She had, he told us, warned that her story must not be repeated, but this seemed to him to be merely a suggestion that, in writing it, he should not involve her as his informant.

So he asked us for advice on whether it would be a violation of confidence if he sent this political sensation of the year to his editor. He reproduced so faithfully the anxiety evident in the woman's manner that we urged against publication. We suggested that perhaps her only consolation in moments of remorse was the consciousness that she had not sullied her 'scutcheon of supposed "good sportsmanship" by permitting the secret of party skulduggery to become known. If, we pointed out, party loyalty and Republican victory meant so much to her that she would willingly and silently accept this thankless rôle in the 1928 campaign, it was likely that publication of the plot would rob her of her sense of sacrifice and submergence. If she wanted to play the part of a Spartan hugging a politicial fox that was biting at her conscience, we advised, let her and don't spoil it.

But we wish she had not done it. For we discover no sense of shame among Republican worthies. Those who credit her tale think the Burke-Willebrandt appeal to the Methodists was an excellent piece of strategy. Their only regret is that its execution was entrusted to one who would blab about it. There is no indignant demand for Burke's dismissal. The White House not only accepted his denial but sponsored publication of it. So far as we can see, the only lesson drawn by the G. O. P. from the Willebrandt disclosures is that high office and really important political chores should never be given to a woman.

A. F. C.

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What's the Use of Explorers?

An Editorial by Isaiah Bowman

A MAN with a new idea can always be proved to be wrong. He has no experience (with the idea) behind him and the advocates of an old idea can always cite precedent. This has led to the wide use of the phrase "those most competent to judge," a phrase not "time-honored" but time-dishonored. For by those most competent to judge the critic really means those most likely to oppose. The liberals of today are the conservatives of tomorrow. The only permanent thing in the world is change.

I put these remarks at the head of a note on modern exploration because we get nowhere in understanding the Magellans of our day unless we admit at the beginning that their plans are often illogical and indefensible and that explorers as a class are crazy. They are as ill-balanced as poets and painters and their dreams are no more measurable in terms of dollars. Why do I love deserts? I don't know and I want no psychoanalyst to tell me! A business man once said to me: "You say that a sounding 500 miles northwest of Point Barrow would be extremely valuable; but I'm a business man, just what would you say that sounding is worth?" I answered at random: "The price of an airplane." It is amusing to recall that Wilkins made the flight to the desired spot, took a sounding in 10 minutes with an echo depth-finding device, and lost his airplane. The depth was 17,100 feet, the deepest sounding yet made in the Arctic! I should add that the business man (a native of Detroit) was satisfied with the bargain. But that was an accident in a sense: if the depth had been 10 foot, it would have been still more thrilling to science!

Every layman asks the explorer, "What's it worth?" as if the answer were a thing of real importance to any man worth his salt in science! It is sufficient for the explorer that there is an unknown land or sea or ocean of air ahead of him. His values of life are set in terms of curiosity. If gray dawn "finds his camp fires gleaming in the rain," it is not because he prefers to sleep in wet blankets. If he can be the first to see and report, he's happy to pay a price deemed foolish by the stay-at-home. We don't really know what anything is worth when we find it: we know only that everything we have found has been put to use, either to hard practical use or for the advancement of idealistic purpose.

We speak of the stirring times of Columbus and Drake. Do you realize that *this* generation, not that of the Age of Discovery, is the last to follow the exploration of a continent? Was it any more exciting for de Gama to round the Cape of Good Hope than it will be for Mawson to see what's on the other side of Enderby Land when he takes Scott's old ship the *Discovery* out to the Antarctic next year? Six thousand miles of the coast of the Antarctic continent have never been charted, indeed have never been seen. The airplane will trace out that coast in our day, take soundings along its shallow-water border, possibly reveal mineral wealth, disclose new whaling grounds, and start international discussion of ownership.

Almost every week I receive a radio dispatch from my friend Commander Byrd: four of the latest refer to the echo depth-soundings between New Zealand and Little America, to the preparation of sledge teams and airplane for the trail to the South Pole, to the magnetic variations over the Rockerfeller Range, and to the templates made for him by the American Geographical Society for use on his naval charts. Think what it would have meant in Columbus's day to have had radio reports from him as he crossed the "Sea of Darkness" and made his first landfall in the Bahamas! We are a privileged generation—among the most privileged of any time—for we can follow these history-making expeditions from *day to day* upon any sea they raise their sail or over any land they fly their planes. Yet we still ask, as if any meaning lay behind our idiotic words, "What's it worth?"

Modern exploration is not confined to uncharted coasts or to the land behind the ranges. At the moment that we discover a new idea some part of our world is made new. When drought-resistant strains of wheat were discovered by the plant explorer a vast realm of semi-arid land in America was rediscovered in terms of wheat. Scientific exploration takes the known lands and seas and tries out by endless experiment one new idea after the other. A thing that is new in thought is just as new as newly found territory. To dispel ignorance and fear is to make a new world out of an old one. Witness the cotton growing in Nigeria by a people once so afflicted by superstition that life was a nightmare of dread. As man explores his own mind he makes discoveries one by one that enable him to look out upon a new world. If all the lands and seas were known, he could still rediscover the earth through the new ideas that he plays upon it. This would hardly have been a conquerable earth if man had not engaged to conquer it by endless experiment, region by region, idea by idea, thus expanding, enriching, and adapting his life.

The pioneer areas of the world offer scope for a host of instruments of power. They are great laboratories of experiment, of struggle and conquest. They represent the second stage of exploration. The first is delineation and description, the satisfaction of curiosity, the thrusting aside of the veil that has hung for ages over the unknown. But there could be no second stage but for the curiosity seekers. You must spy out the land before you can appraise it or go up to possess it. Let's say no longer of exploration: "What's it worth?" Rather we must hurry to find out what the earth contains and how we may extend our conquest of it or adaptation to it or frustration of it.

Where is Mankind Going?

Ask an explorer—whether of the uncharted regions of the world or of the unknown structure of the atom—what his researches are worth, what they mean practically to "the man in the street," and his answer is likely to be spirited. Such is the comment of Dr. Isaiah Bowman, Director of the American Geographical Society and author of "The New World," on the question of the utility of such modern exploration as Commander Byrd's expedition to the Antarctic. The contributors to this weekly editorial page constitute a list of authoritative witnesses to the progress of life in many fields of activity and thought. The next contributor will be Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the Journal of the American Medical Association

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The Conquest of Kansas

The Story of Carry Nation

By HERBERT ASBURY

The commander of the legions that routed the rum-sellers of Topeka, as described in the preceding issue, celebrated her great personal triumph in jail. But she could afford to rest for a time. The crash of her hatchet was rousing the country. In many sections women appeared as rivals or emulators. And, finally, Kansas had a prohibition law that satisfied prohibitionists

THE ATTENTION of the outside world was concentrated upon Wichita and Topeka, during the early days of Carry Nation's campaign, but these cities, and the few others which she had honored with her personal solicitude, were not the only Kansas communities wherein the liquor interests suffered from the wave of destructive fury that followed the invasion of the Hotel Carey in Wichita. The entire state blazed spectacularly with prohibitionary fervor, and from Holton in the North to Arkansas City in the South, excited men and women armed themselves and marched singing and praying against the saloon. In Danville, a small village in Harper county, Mrs. Mary Sheriff, tall, lean-faced and of Irish descent, arose to dispute Carry Nation's supremacy and to belittle her exploits. Mrs. Sheriff was somewhat mollified by her appointment as chief lieutenant of the National Hatchet Brigade, but during the month and more that she flashed back and forth in Southern Kansas, leaving devastated joints in her wake, she frequently expressed resentment at the publicity which attended Carry Nation's every movement while her own considerable accomplishments were but briefly chronicled. Moreover, she insisted that not only was she the greater smasher, but that she originated the idea of wrecking saloons, and that Carry Nation had appropriated it without giving due credit.

"I am the original smasher," she declared. "I am sent from God to do this work, and not from Mrs. Nation. I will do more smashing than Mrs. Nation has done, and I will not talk so much about it. I intend to raid every saloon in Southern Kansas, and that will be enough for one woman to do."

As a matter of fact, neither originated the idea. Saloons were smashed with hatchets in the United States as early as 1856, when a band of three hundred women wrecked thirteen barrooms in Rockport, Mass.

Mrs. Sheriff wrecked a joint in Danville a few days after Carry Nation had arrived in Wichita, and then announced that she would lead a company of fifty women, to be called the Flying Squadron of Jesus, on a smashing tour of the counties which lay near the borders of Oklahoma and Indian Territory. She proposed, indeed, to invade Barber County, and even to assail Medicine Lodge itself, for joints were reputed to have reopened there soon after Carry Nation had been called to a larger field.

ONLY A HALF DOZEN followers were in her train when she left Danville, but local women re-enforced the squadron, and raids were successfully undertaken in Attica and half a dozen other hamlets. On the morning of January 30, 1901, Mrs. Sheriff marched into Anthony, a town of about 2,000 population some sixty miles southwest of Wichita, and harangued the temperance workers at a great mass meeting. Soon thereafter she sallied forth, carrying a heavy pick-ax musket-wise across her shoulder, and followed by five men and fourteen veiled women, all heavily armed with hatchets, hammers, axes, and crowbars. Henley's drug store, which was suspected of being very lax in its prescription requirements, quickly fell before their onslaught; and after wrecking the establishment, they forced their way into a nearby saloon, where they smashed the mirror, the bar, the cash register and the refrigerator, but overlooked seven cases of whisky which the frightened proprietor had concealed in the cellar. The crusaders then beleaguered the Klondike Bar, but found the doors and windows barricaded and a bartender, named James, on guard with a huge revolver. The fortifications were soon demolished with axes and hatchets, and Mrs. Sheriff led the Flying Squadron into the saloon, where she attacked the bartender while her followers fell upon the fixtures and kegs of beer and whisky. James yelled threats and fired several times into the ceiling, but his hostile demonstrations only increased Mrs. Sheriff's exasperation, and she pursued him about the large room earnestly striving to sink her pick-ax into his skull. But finally, wearying of this sport and eager to be at the work of destruction, she smote him with a beer bottle, whereupon he dropped his weapon and scuttled wildly through the doorway and down the street. The joint was then wrecked.

In Elk County, a few miles northeast of Arkansas City, appeared another indefatigable foe of rum—Mrs. Myra McHenry, a mighty smasher who was destined to rival Carry Nation in variety of exploit and excel her in suffering, for she endured pain and imprisonment not only for the prohibition movement but for the cause of women suffrage as well. During the next few years she was arrested forty-one times, assaulted twice by bartenders and seriously injured, rotten-egged by furious mobs in four towns, and four times was placed on trial to determine her sanity. Each time, however, she was adjudged to be in possession of all her mental faculties. Her distaste for constituted authority, and especially for judges and jailers, was quite as pronounced as that of Carry Nation, and whatever prison she was confined in was always in an uproar, for she was an obstreperous and troublesome prisoner. Once in Arkansas City, when a judge threatened to fine her twenty-five dollars for contempt of court, she laughed loudly and said:

"Better make it fifty, my lad!"

"Fifty it is," said the judge, "and thirty days, besides."

She went to jail singing and praying. And so long as she was his guest, the jailer knew neither peace nor quiet. But flesh and blood could stand just so much. On the twentieth day of her sentence, Mrs. McHenry awoke to find her cell door wide open, and the inner and outer gates likewise. She hallooed without result, and then carefully searched the building but found no living soul save three other prisoners who had been locked in a single cell. The jailer and his staff had disappeared. But the keys to the cell blocks and to

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the heavy front door were hanging in the private office, and Mrs. McHenry put them in her pocket and strode into the street, where she approached a policeman who was standing near the prison entrance. He attempted to dodge behind a tree, but she cornered him and said:

"Did you know the jail is wide open? All the doors are unlocked!"

"Well," he said, "why don't you escape?"

"Escape!" cried Mrs. McHenry. "I'm no law-breaker! You come with me, my lad, and lock up this jail!"

He demurred, pleading the pressure of official business, but she clutched him by the arm and dragged him into the building, where she compelled him to lock her in her cell, and commanded him to see that the outer gates and door were securely fastened. When the chagrined jailer and his keeper emerged from their hiding places they found Mrs. McHenry on her knees begging the Lord to forgive them for neglecting their duty.

"I suppose," she said, "that you men have been drinking poison in a joint!"

Even before Carry Nation's stirring adventures in Wichita had thrown all Kansas into a tumult, the liquor situation at Winfield, a town of some 12,000 population in Cowley County about forty miles south of Wichita, had been extremely dangerous; and members of the temperance organizations, and of the six evangelical churches, had displayed great animosity toward the half dozen joints which operated in open disregard of the prohibition laws. The saloons had often been threatened with violent extinction, and city and county officials had been warned that unless they enforced the law, their political lives would be cut short. But there was no actual trouble until the second week in February, when Ernest Hahn, a student at the Southern Kansas Methodist College, became infuriated at the sight of a barrel of whisky standing on the platform of the railroad station. He smashed it with an ax, and as the pungent liquor spilled into the gutter he ran into the saloon owned by John and Henry Schmidt and peremptorily ordered Charles Schmidt, their brother and principal bartender, to close the place at once. Charles Schmidt promptly hit him with a billiard cue, and the young crusader retreated, crying threats against the joint.

Hahn was very popular among his fellows, nearly all of whom were preparing for the ministry and were eager temperance advocates, and when he appeared in the class-room with a huge bump on his head, they determined to avenge his injury. That evening several windows in the Schmidt barroom

Carry Nation wearing one of her little hatchets

were broken by stones, and next morning five hundred college students and an equal number of women assembled in the First Baptist Church to plan a raid in emulation of Carry Nation. They prayed, sang, and listened to a half dozen violent harangues, and presently set forth under the leadership of the Rev. Frank Lowther. The saloon doors were locked and barred when the mob arrived, and the muzzles of two shotguns peeping from a window showed that the brothers Schmidt were prepared to resist invasion. But the undaunted crusaders moved forward steadily, brandishing their hatchets, axes and crowbars, and when a shot was fired from the joint and Miss Emma Denney fell screaming with several buckshots in her body, they howled with rage and stormed the barroom. Another woman went down under the impact of a bullet as the doors and barricades crashed beneath the sturdy blows, and a third was struck by a beer bottle while scrambling over the threshold. The Schmidts and several other men ran out the back way when the mob swarmed into the saloon, but returned within a few minutes with re-enforcements. One of the brothers smashed a bottle on Joseph McMillan's head, and the Rev. Frank Lowther hit Charles Schmidt with an ax. Schmidt's wound was superficial, but it was sufficient to frighten the defenders of the joint, and they fled without further resistance. Within half an hour the saloon had been wrecked and the liquor spilled into the gutter. Two hours later a jointist who had watched the mob at work hauled his stock and fixtures to the railroad station and shipped them out of town, and another closed his place and nailed heavy oaken timbers across the doors and windows. But three saloons remained open.

Winfield was comparatively quiet during the remainder of the day, although an undercurrent of tremendous excitement was apparent, and the saloon sympathizers openly threatened retaliation. That night the United Brethren Church, the congregation of which had sent Carry Nation a purse of $8.38 when she was first arrested in Wichita, was invaded by vandals who destroyed sixty panes in the stained glass windows and hacked the organ and pulpit with axes. When the pastor, Rev. Johnson Hendershot, went to survey the damage next morning, he found this anonymous note on a pile of wreckage:

> We will show you how to treat the saloons, and will give you as good as you send. The next saloon in town wrecked means that some of you will be killed.

Horrified at the profanation of a house of worship, the temperance forces accepted this defiant gesture as a declaration of war, and at noon two thousand men and women assembled in a great mass meeting to devise means of carrying on the fight. After Oscar Schmidt and Thomas Rule, reputed jointists,

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had been discovered and thrown into the street, the gathering formally organized as the Vigilance League of Winfield, and unanimously adopted resolutions ordering the saloon-keepers to remove all bar fixtures and liquors within ten days. A special Law and Order Committee was appointed to convey the ultimatum to the owners of suspected places. Five hundred shotguns and revolvers were purchased in the stores of Winfield and Arkansas City and distributed to the prohibitionists, and heavily armed guards were posted at the churches and the Methodist College. The saloon forces also procured weapons, and throughout the night the streets were filled with bands of armed men, while posses of students searched for the man who was believed to have shot Miss Denney. There were frequent clashes between the liquor and temperance patrols, and a great deal of shooting, and the whole city was in such a ferment of fear and excitement that during the early evening three hundred women and children fled from their homes and sought sanctuary in the Baptist Church. A score of howling men attacked this edifice about midnight, but were routed after they had broken three windows. Soon thereafter several houses were set on fire, and half a dozen men were discovered throwing rat poison into private wells and cisterns. They escaped, although shots were fired at them.

NEXT MORNING, February 19, Mayor Albright issued a proclamation advising all who would keep the peace to carry weapons, and declaring that if he had the power he would place Winfield under martial law. Soon after breakfast two small cannons were dragged about the business section of the town, and the prohibition chieftains announced that the guns would be used to protect the churches, and that if necessary they would be turned upon the joints. Business was practically suspended in Winfield on this, the third day of the trouble, and clergymen and others who had been prominent in the crusade against rum walked abroad with revolvers in their pockets and loaded shotguns over their shoulders, while the joints and other resorts were crowded with armed and bellicose drinkers. The Rev. G. T. Smith and Claude Cook, the latter a temperance worker, were beaten by gangs which set upon them near their homes, and the Rev. Mr. Hendershot received three notes warning him that he would be shot if he ventured away from his residence. The preacher promptly stuck two revolvers in his pockets, and with a shotgun in his hands, marched up and down the main thoroughfare, accompanied by two other men similarly equipped. He was not molested.

Throughout the morning the headquarters of the Vigilance League was besieged by excited prohibitionists clamoring for immediate action, and about noon the Law and Order Committee held a special meeting and issued a new ultimatum to the saloon-keepers:

"Tomorrow at one p. m. if there is a saloon fixture to be found in town we will smash the same, and if any resistance is offered on your part we will injure the first man who attempts to stop us. We do not want any bloodshed in our community, but the saloons must go. The first man who strikes one of our members will be strung up to the nearest tree. We will stand no foolishness."

ARMED FARMERS eager to battle for the cause began pouring into Winfield in the afternoon, and by early evening it was obvious even to obtuse office-holders that drastic measures would be necessary to prevent serious rioting and bloodshed. The police and the sheriff's deputies were clearly unable to handle the situation, and the city authorities at length appealed to the state government at Topeka to send troops, but the request was refused. Mayor Albright then persuaded the crusaders to keep off the streets for a few hours, and ordered the joints to close immediately, swearing in additional policemen to enforce his command. With the saloons thus abolished the crisis soon passed, and within another twenty-four hours conditions in Winfield were again normal. But the barrooms did not re-open.

Such smashings as these occurred throughout the state, although nowhere else was there as much violence and disorder as at Winfield. But everywhere the temperance armies were victorious, and by the latter part of February between forty and fifty saloons had been wrecked, fifty others had been closed to avoid demolition, and bar fixtures and liquor valued at about $150,000 had been destroyed. The owners of approximately one thousand of the fifteen hundred saloons in Kansas had been warned to shut their doors, and some thirty towns, mostly in the eastern half of the state, were wholly free of drinking places. In addition to employing the methods popularized by Carry Nation, the W. C. T. U. and other temperance organizations flooded Kansas with prohibition propaganda, most of which violently denounced state and county officials for their complaisant acceptance of the liquor traffic. They particularly made much capital out of the fact that Governor Stanley's son, Harry, had written an article for *The Orange,* student paper of Baker University, in which he criticised his father's attitude toward rum and eulogized Carry Nation. Alarmed by the force with which the political winds were blowing, state office-holders in Topeka instructed the various county attorneys to proceed at once against joints in their respective jurisdictions, and judges began granting injunctions against known operators of saloons—in Topeka, Judge Hazen alone issued eighteen such writs. And the Legislature, already stirred by Carry Nation's activities, not only abandoned the program sponsored by the liquor interests, but passed a law which the prohibitionists had been vainly endeavoring to get upon the statute books for many years. All places wherein liquor was sold were classed as common nuisances, and possession of liquor in any room connected with business, or possession of a United States Revenue license, constituted prima facie evidence of guilt. The law further made it a penal offense for one person to give another a drink, or to be found in any place where liquor was dispensed. Kansas thus glowed in the golden light of actual prohibition, but despite these stringent regulations, many citizens apparently continued to slake their thirsts, for on the morning of February 24, 1901, the Topeka police picked up two hundred empty whisky bottles in alleys and areaways. And on the same day in Winfield half that number were found. The saloon-keeper's hell was the bootlegger's paradise.

NOT ALONE in bleeding Kansas did hysterical men and women imitate Carry Nation; within twenty-four hours after she had first appeared in Wichita raiders wrecked a saloon at Longview, Illinois, and thereafter a mild epidemic of smashing coursed through no fewer than a score of states. In Milwaukee several women broke the windows of a resort in the red light district, and wrecked a saloon at Eleventh and Lloyd Streets; and in Dalton, Arkansas, five

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members of the W. C. T. U. destroyed the fixtures and stocks of two blind tigers. Mrs. Mary Green, enthusiastic over the latest news from Kansas, rushed into a saloon in Cambridge Street, Boston, shouting "I'm Carry Nation, and I'll leave no rum shops in town!" She hit a bartender with a plate from the free lunch counter, hurled a billiard ball through a mirror and chased a customer into the cellar, where he hid behind a pile of empty beer kegs until rescued by a policeman.

In Rochester, New York, an excited woman entered Jacob Wehle's barroom in Hudson Avenue, brandished a heavy stove poker and cried, "I'm a second Carry Nation, and I mean to clean out this hell-hole!" She demolished several cases of liquor and damaged the bar. Then she threw the poker at the bartender and departed. In Secaucus, New Jersey, Mrs. Henry Wortansky's husband refused to leave the warmth and comfort of his favorite salcon, so she went after him. She wrecked the barroom and took him home. A school teacher led one hundred members of the Carry Nation Club of Dawson, Minnesota, on a raid against saloons, and several were wrecked before the police drove the smashers away. In Oyster Bay, New York, the home of Theodore Roosevelt, a stalwart Negro rushed into a barroom and yelled that Carry Nation had ordered him to smash it. He did so, and was later found to be insane. Seven women wrecked the bar of the Hotel Harrison in LaSalle, Illinois, and at Louisville, Kentucky, Mrs. Effie Chase ran down the street screaming that God had instructed her to abolish the liquor traffic. She hit Patrolman Joe Boutelier on the jaw, and when he hugged her to his chest to prevent another blow being struck, she cried in ecstasy, "That's nice! Do it again!" A typical Kansas fight occurred at Jacksonville, Indiana, when Mrs. James Snyder and a hundred members of the Carry Nation Club raided three saloons. They wrecked two without difficulty, but when they entered Dan Grimes' newly-equipped place, he choked Mrs. Snyder and threw her into the street. He was promptly beaten by her husband. During the struggle Mrs. Stephen Garrett was struck by a beer bottle. In Dunkirk, New York, Mrs. David Livingston, president of the local chapter of the W. C. T. U., smashed a saloon mirror, but was restrained from doing further damage. And even in New York City admirers of Carry Nation were inspired to violence. Herman Procknow, a waiter at the Waldorf Astoria Hotel, who said that he wanted to aid in a small way in "Carry Nation's glorious work," broke the mirrors in Edward O'Brien's barroom in Third Avenue; while farther uptown in East 138th Street, Timothy Boss attacked McMahon's Bar and kicked in the panels of the front door. He said he was Carry Nation's brother, but he wasn't. At Anderson, Indiana, Mrs. Ozro Lewis wrecked a saloon, while another woman, finding her husband in the place, spanked him with a board and led him away by the ears. In still another Indiana town, Crawfordsville, Mrs. William Holycross, a farmer's wife, was committed to an asyium when she became mentally confused over the meaning of the Carry Nation crusade—she thought the nation was at war, and that people roamed the street with hatchets, cutting off heads.

Carry Nation remained in the Shawnee County Jail for ten days after her return to Topeka from Peoria, Illinois, but restraint became increasingly irksome and she finally permitted her brother, J. W. Moore of Kansas City, Missouri, to renew the peace bond which was the price of her freedom. She was released late in the afternoon of March 11, 1901, but her wings had been clipped and the blade of her hatchet dulled by the law, for the conditions of her bond forbade further smashing in Topeka on pain of forfeiture. She told newspaper reporters that she would obey the injunction against wrecking saloons, but that no restrictions had been imposed upon the nature of the warfare which she might wage against tobacco and Masonry, and that she intended to devote much of her time to "stamping out these evils." And, indeed, she began her campaign before she left the jail, cornering three men in the corridors, snatching cigars from their mouths and haranguing them about the satanic character of the Masonic Lodge, without troubling to learn whether they were members of the order. Her friends greeted her warmly and held the usual prayer meeting to celebrate her liberation, but she scoffed at their advice to return to Medicine Lodge and once more take up the thread of life which she had broken to lead Kansas prohibitionists to victory.

"The Lord calls me," she said. "I must be about His work."

She urged an immediate resumption of smashing, in which she proposed to take no active part lest her bond be forfeited, and on March 12 called a mass meeting of the Home Defenders to plan raids and to nominate the Rev. F. W. Emerson as an independent candidate for Mayor of Topeka. To her amazement only eleven women and one man responded, and she stalked from the hall in a dudgeon when but three of the former voted to endorse the candidacy of the Rev. Mr. Emerson. She repeatedly attempted to induce the ministers and leaders of temperance societies to organize smashing expeditions; but they refused, declaring that further direct action was unnecessary because the crusade had accomplished its purpose of ridding Topeka, and practically the entire state, of joints, and that it would be impossible to catch the fleet bootleggers. She railed at them furiously, and ascribed the disfavor with which her proposals of violence were received to rank cowardice, corruption by the liquor interests, or the infernal influence of the Devil; for she was so obsessed by her hatreds and enthusiasms that she still envisioned a saloon behind the partitions of every drug store and every restaurant. She was wholly unable to comprehend the magnitude of her victory, and still less was she able to understand that during her imprisonment the excitement into which she had plunged the city had subsided; and that while her personal popularity had been but slightly impaired, the inevitable reaction against her methods had begun. Many prominent citizens who had been foremost in the ranks of the Home Defenders, and who had followed her on raiding forays with the greatest enthusiasm, now counselled peace; they were confident that office-holders throughout the state had been so impressed by the extraordinary display of temperance fury that the new legislation, the most powerful weapon ever placed in the hands of the prohibitionists, would be strictly enforced.

Bewildered by the desertion of many of her erstwhile supporters, and greatly disturbed by the undercurrent of dissent and impatience which now flowed swiftly in Topeka, Carry Nation began the travels which, with interludes of imprisonment on old charges in Wichita and Topeka, took her into almost every State in the Union, and even into Canada and the British Isles, and made

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her one of the best-known figures of her time. But at this period she had no manager; and she scurried about the Middle West without rhyme or reason; she made no advance arrangements for her lectures, but herself published the time and place by shouting on the street corners; she went to whatever town was mentioned to her or from which she had received letters. And always a black satchel, filled with miniature hatchets, souvenir buttons and copies of *The Smashers' Mail*, was slung from her shoulder. These she hawked in the streets, and with the proceeds, and what she received for her speeches, paid her expenses and fines, for she was often arrested. She was the principal attraction at the Fourth of July celebration sponsored by the Elks Lodge of Crawfordsville, Indiana, and the excitement aroused by her appearance was increased, and a panic narrowly averted, when the speakers' platform collapsed while she was belaboring the Demon Rum before an audience of some eight thousand persons. Her ankle was slightly sprained, and several other persons received minor injuries. During the afternoon Carry Nation hobbled about the town, peering into saloons and upbraiding the bartenders and their customers, and soon after dusk she gathered some twenty small boys and girls about her and marched back and forth with them along the main street. She carried a gunny-sack filled with sharp new hatchets, and she frequently halted her juvenile troops and showed them how to use the weapons. At length she stopped before the doors of a saloon, pointed dramatically to the lighted windows, and while a curious crowd quickly gathered, led the children through a brief catechism:

"Look, children! What is that place?"

"A Hell-hole!" they shouted, in unison.

"What else?"

"A murder-shop!"

"What do they sell there?"

"Hell-broth and devil-soup!"

"What do they do?"

"They murder souls!"

"What must we do to such a place?"

"Smash it!"

The crowd cheered madly, and Carry Nation arranged the children two abreast and gave each a hatchet, having first snatched a pipe from the mouth of one of the young crusaders and threatened to spank him. She prayed loudly for a moment, and then said:

"Come, children!"

She led the shouting youngsters into the saloon, where they embarked with great enthusiasm upon a saturnalia of destruction. The agile boys swarmed over the bar and sideboard like flies, smashing mirrors, bottles and decanters, while the little girls hacked and cut the woodwork. Within a few minutes the saloon had been wrecked, and Carry Nation ushered the young smashers into the street, crying loudly:

"Jesus! Look what the little darlings did for you!"

The children's clothing was saturated with beer and whisky, and several were staggering under the influence of the fumes of liquor. Once outside they flung away their hatchets and scattered, but Carry Nation stood calmly before the swinging doors and shouted:

"Arrest me! Arrest me!"

The saloon-keeper refused to make a complaint, and the police did not molest her. She left Crawfordsville a few hours later, and was arrested in St. Louis next morning when she attempted to raid Oheim Brothers' saloon in Walnut Street. She was soon released, and on July 6 she appeared in Terre Haute, Indiana, where she found Mayor Steeg taking his ease in a Terre Haute saloon, and she berated him so loudly and so venemously that he abandoned his cooling glass of beer and fled to the safety of his private offices. When he had gone, the saloon-keeper gave her a bottle of whisky, which she smashed on the sidewalk with her hatchet. Later the owner of the barroom gathered up the fragments and displayed them on his bar under a glass bowl. She was back in Topeka during the latter part of July, and on the 24th was arraigned before Judge Hazen in the District Court for sentence. He imposed a fine of one hundred dollars and a prison term of thirty days, and she was lodged once more in the Shawnee County Jail. "But I had become so disgusted with jail food," she wrote, "that my stomach refused it. I told Mr. Cook (the Sheriff) to send the milkman to my cell. He came and agreed to bring me some bread and milk, ten cents' worth a day. This I lived on. At this time I was entirely out of money. I was in debt, and the dunning letters I got while in Jail were a terrible trouble to me. The ten cents I paid for my bread and milk came in almost daily for copies of my paper. I paid my milkman sometimes in stamps. . . . While in this jail I had many offers from theatrical, circus and museum managers, who tried to tempt me with all kinds of offers; one as high as $800 a week, with a palace car and a maid. I never for a moment thought of taking any of them. I knew these people only wanted me as they would a white elephant. I did not, at this time, see the stage as a missionary field."

She changed her mind when she received a letter from James E. Furlong, head of a lyceum bureau at Rochester, New York, and former manager of Adelina Patti, who proposed a tour of the Chautauqua circuits and a series of speeches in New York and other eastern cities. Through the efforts of her friends, Governor Stanley was induced to commute her jail sentence, and the Shawnee County Commissioners agreed to let her pay her fine at the rate of five dollars a month. She was released in the late afternoon of July 30, 1901.

David Nation had rejoined his wife, but they were utterly unable to reconcile their differences, and were even less happy than in Medicine Lodge. She continued to ignore his advice, and although at first he attempted to resume his former post as her secretary, she soon forbade him to open any of her mail. After a few fretful weeks, he left her once more and went to the home of his daughter in Richmond, Indiana, where on June 8, 1901, his seventy-third birthday, he announced that he would never live with her again. Early in August he returned to Medicine Lodge, and brought suit for divorce, accusing her not only of cruelty and desertion, and of exposing him to ridicule and humiliation, but of taking his featherbed and nine hundred dollars from his bank account. Carry Nation was in Columbus, Ohio, when she heard that the action had been filed, and she promptly struck back.

"Those are all lies," she said. "He didn't have nine hundred dollars, and the featherbed was always mine. But I shall fight the case because I want my share of his pension money. I thought I loved David when I married him, but he was a fleeting fancy. David isn't a bad fellow, but he is too slow for me." Afterward she wrote in her autobiography, "We never agreed on but a few things, but I never thought we would come to a separation. He said to me, 'You will have to stop and come back to Medicine Lodge or I will get a divorce from you.' I said, 'Mr.

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A Lady Takes up Golf

By BERTHA L. MACGREGOR

The golf teacher, it seems, is often a formalist. He tells his pupils that they must follow certain rules in learning to drive and putt; and he has not the faintest idea whether the rules have any scientific basis. Miss MacGregor, who is a patent attorney, knows something about physics and mechanics. On the foundation of that knowledge, she examines the testimony of so-called experts

IN A FINE MOTOR car I saw a handsome bag of golf clubs and a noble-looking chow jealously guarding them in his master's absence. I said to a friend, who is an enthusiastic golfer, that I was convinced that a bag of golf clubs and a chow added much to the look of importance and value of any motor car and that I should not be satisfied until I had added them to the other accessories of my automobile. He took at least a portion of my remarks quite seriously, because within a few days I had the bag of clubs, and I should probably have had the chow also if I had not explained to my friend that my angora cat would not tolerate any canine interlopers in the premises.

I had not, of course, intended my trifling remark to be taken seriously but here I was suddenly provided with a bag of up-to-date golf clubs.

I had not theretofore regarded the royal and ancient game of golf with great seriousness, but wishing to show my appreciation of my friend's gift by giving the game at least preliminary consideration, I obtained a supply of golf literature so that I might master some of the theory before demonstrating my lack of practical skill.

Having fortified myself with the written word, I consulted my friend as to what I must do next and he said: "I think Farrell MacDougal is the greatest teacher in America. You should take lessons from him." So I sought out Farrell MacDougal and interrogated him.

He informed me that it would cost me $5.00 for a lesson of half an hour and that there was a reduction for twelve lessons. I decided to see what one lesson was like before investing too much of my capital in a wholesale order.

So he gave me a driver, showed me how it should be used, put a ball down on the door-mat and told me "to swing at it." I swung at it several times, many times to be truthful, without unduly disturbing it, and he told me that I had a foundation of a good swing, made me cock my right little finger up onto my left first finger and said that was the Vardon grip and the best one. It didn't seem so to me, notwithstanding Mr. Vardon's endorsement, for I wanted all the right hand I could get to hold onto that club; but I was willing to learn.

After I had made some attempts to do what I had been told, he said: "You'll be all right when you break your wrists and throw the club-head through the ball." I told him that I did not want to learn any game wherein it was necessary to break my wrists and that anyway the club-head was too big "to go through the ball," and that even if it could do so, it would make the game very expensive.

In my daily work, I have to use words accurately to express my thoughts. It is essential for me to do so. I therefore decided to find out what he thought he was communicating to me. What he meant by "breaking the wrists" was simply that, in the upward swing, I must raise my hands on the wrist joints, and that "throwing the club-head through the ball" meant keeping the head of the club following truly on the line of the ball's flight after I had hit it. I wondered why he used such inadequate words to express these simple instructions, for naturally "breaking the wrists" would not be a great assistance in "throwing the club-head through the ball."

My mentor now told me that I must pivot at the waist and explained that I ought to rotate on my spine in that locality and he proceeded to show me how it was supposed to be done. My rudimentary knowledge of anatomy made me skeptical and his illustrations of the waist-pivot showed that it was well named, for I perceived clearly that any attempt to pivot at the waist would be truly waste motion. The rotation that he called pivot took place, firstly, between the ground and his waist, that is to say, in his feet, legs and hips and, secondly, at the shoulders and there was no rotatory motion *at* the waist, whereabouts, indeed, the *os sacrum* is very firmly imbedded in the pelvic bone, which somewhat hampers any rotatory action of the spine for a considerable distance from that locality.

I said, "You do most of your turning with your legs, feet and hips and then you add a bit with your shoulders, turning on the spine well up toward the middle of it so far as I can see. If I am wrong, show me how you turn at the waist." He tried it and then said, "Who taught you golf?" and I answered and said, "Nobody, but I have to draw specifications for machines and other inventions and if I said that they moved where they don't and vice versa, I should get into trouble. I can *see* where your machine moves." Farrell MacDougal seemed very thoughtful.

Now in all good construction, whether it is a skyscraper or a specification, one must start at the bottom, and, in all good tuition, one starts with the easiest thing first and works upward. I couldn't see myself spending $5.00 per half-hour for the pleasure of assaulting his coir mat or the atmosphere with the thing called a driver; so I said to him: "What is the easiest stroke to learn," and he promptly said: "That putt, of course."

"Then," I asked, "why do you not teach me that first?"

"O, they all want to learn to drive first," he said.

I told him that that didn't mean a thing to me; that the operation of coaxing a little ball into a hole on a relatively smooth green seemed to me very simple compared with the mechanical problems I daily faced, and that was where I was going to start my golf. Then he agreed with me that it was undoubtedly the best thing to do but expressed doubt that any one would have the patience to learn that way.

However, we went to a flat place in the school where there was a little cup about three inches wide and less than that in depth, and he started to show me how to putt.

He said, "The most important thing is to keep your face at a right angle to the hole."

In my innocence I said: "How do you get a right angle with a circle, and my face isn't square enough anyway to do anything in a right angle."

To which he made reply: "I mean to

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keep the face of your club at a right angle to a line from it to the hole," and I said: "I cannot imagine any other position that would be of any use."

"Now," said he, "swing the club back slowly and then come down on the ball and carry your club along after it quite low."

"But that," said I, "tells me that I shall be making the ball skid along the carpet."

"Certainly," said he, "that's how you get backspin into the putt. Backspin is a very valuable quality in the putt."

"Why," I asked, "is backspin valuable when all I have to do is to roll this ball into the hole? Backspin means resistance to a forward roll. Of what use would it be to make wheels work backward as we seem to see them doing in motion pictures? The car wouldn't get very far on that system."

"Well," said he, "you can hit harder and keep the ball straighter that way, like you do in billiards."

"Now," said I, "I want to understand this thing as I go along. You couldn't make this light, little, heavily-marked ball carry backspin for any appreciable distance against such a rough thing as the turf, comparatively speaking, is. The analogy between golf and billiards is somewhat remote. At billiards you hit a relatively large, heavy and smooth ball a horizontal blow well beneath its center and propel it on a hard surface and a smooth cloth and, even under those conditions, the backspin very soon goes off. All the 'skid' you could get with this light, little deeply-marked ball on a rough, comparatively soft surface, even such as a carpet, would be negligible. I cannot concede the value of backspin in a putt unless you can give me scientific reasons for it," and Farrell MacDougal told me that the great minds of the game were all agreed that it *was* so and anyway it wasn't much good talking about it because those said great minds were all agreed that unless one were born a putter, one could never become one.

I asked him if this phenomenon were peculiar to golf and he said: "What is a funnymeanon anyway?" and I let it go at that, telling him, however, that the one thing I was certain about was that I could, in quite a short time, learn how to roll the ball into a hole on a smooth green with a reasonable amount of dexterity and without any backspin. He warned me not to be overconfident about this part of the game because its psychology was mysterious and some great golfer whose books he had read said that one could not learn it.

Underwood

A lady takes up golf

My teacher was, in other respects, quite encouraging and told me that I was doing very well and after a few dozen lessons I would be "smacking the old pill down the middle of the aisle for 250 yards" especially when I found out that the right hand and arm were to all intents and purposes just a kind of looker-on and steerer.

I didn't tell him what I thought of that because I had seen that funny machine called man "smacking the old pill" for distances generally much less than 250 yards, and, if I had had to frame a claim on him as a driving mechanism, I know which would have been the main operating device; it would be the right arm all the time.

As I was about to depart, Mr. MacDougal said: "Now, get in all the practice you can. Remember what I said about the left arm and keep it straight all the time. The straight left is very important."

I said I knew that it was great stuff in boxing and that it was nearly a lost art in that sport. I hazarded a guess that perhaps it had got away into golf, but my teacher didn't seem quite to follow me, which perhaps was just as well, for if ever there was anything that is manifestly absurd, it must be to use a straight arm in striking a blow of any kind, if one should desire the greatest efficiency from that arm.

Mr. MacDougal seemed anxious to give me my $5.00 worth, for he walked to the door with me and gave me a parting word of advice: "And, whatever you do," he said, "keep your mind and eye on the ball. That is of the very greatest importance." I did not ask him which eye and why it was so important to devote so much eye-power and cerebration to the one constant factor in the golf stroke to the exclusion of all the live moving forces and parts that go to make up the stroke. I felt, however, that I had received $5.00 worth of information for I had decided that in the future I should have to do what I saw him do and not what he told me he did. I should have to do outrage Nature and the most rudimentary laws of mechanics and physiology if I were to attempt to follow what I had been told to do, so now I know what I have to do. It's simply to take my little putter and roll that little ball into that little hole and keep on doing it until my practice has brought me sufficiently far from the hole to require other and more advanced strokes, when, perhaps, I should require to see him in action again.

If I could be astonished at anything written in these days of careless expression, I should be astounded by the instructions and statements published under the greatest names in sport, and especially in golf, for, although I have, yet, little practical skill at golf, I am, from the nature of my profession as a patent attorney, compelled to understand mechanics and the laws of physics.

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It is manifest that much is written and said by great exponents of the game that is utterly at variance with their own methods.

This imposes on those, who look to them for guidance, a very great handicap, for many people, especially women, have not developed the mechanical faculty very fully, if at all.

It is quite clear to me that the outstanding demand of golf is mechanical accuracy and, if one be provided with a fallacious mechanical groundwork, the result can only be disastrous.

This condition is not confined to golf. It obtains in all departments of sport. Let us take a few instances from golf, tennis and baseball.

In a magazine of international circulation, a professional golfer makes the following statement:

"The swing of the arm plays no part in the golf stroke at all. All that the arms do is to hold the club down to the ball."

Followed literally, this instruction brings to mind the amusing spectacle of a golfer using his arms to hold the club down to the ball, and apparently keeping arms, club and ball in a stationary position during the stroke since we are told, "the swing of the arms plays no part in the golf stroke at all."

Robert Jones, Jr., evidently can play the game better than he can tell others how to do it. He has made the amazing discovery, as shown by a recent article, that "it is not necessary to look long at the ball if it is hit without delay." That, of course, is merely funny, but in another article, writing of foot-work he says:

"The first lesson in foot-work should be devoted to the left foot, for it is by far the more important."

I have observed the very great amount of propulsive force that comes out of the right leg in tennis, baseball and golf. The undue glorification of the left side of the body must induce quite a wrong conception of the golf stroke. Mr. Jones will have difficulty in obtaining support from golf authorities for his statement.

George Herman Ruth, commonly known as "Babe" Ruth, makes the following statement in a recently published article:

"After all, the theory of curved ball pitching is simply to apply added friction to the ball on the side to which you want it to curve."

It is hard to understand how such a statement could get past any sporting editor for it is manifestly absurd.

The theory and practice of swerve or the curve of a ball in the air is well understood. It was discovered by Newton 250 years ago and is the exact opposite of that stated by Mr. Ruth. A spinning ball in golf, tennis, or any other game where swerve, or curve is used in the air, follows the rule governing all projectiles and seeks the line of least resistance. In other words, it always curves *away* from the greater friction and not, as Mr. Ruth says, *toward* it. This is such a fundamental rule of ballistics and is so well known that it is hardly necessary to elaborate it.

Putting it in a very concise way, the explanation of the curve of a spinning ball is that on one "side" the two motions of spin and progression "conspire" as Newton calls it; that is, work together, while on the other side the motion of the spin is backward and there is less resistance here.

There is naturally more air-resistance and consequently friction on the side where the rotation and progression occur simultaneously and thus the ball edges away from the greater friction toward the side where the backward spin is offering less resistance.

We see the same inaccuracy in tennis. Miss Helen Wills in a recent article on the smash says: "It is well to pattern one's overhead upon one's service, and to do both in the same manner."

A great majority of players are now, and have, for years, been doing what Miss Wills advises and that is why the smash is almost a lost art.

The modern tennis service is practically always played with topspin, which naturally connotes a glancing upward blow. If there is any more *unsuitable* way of smashing an overhead ball *downward* than by hitting *upward with topspin* I cannot even imagine it. The smash should be by a direct blow almost, generally speaking, at a right angle to the line of the ball's drop and the spin, if any, should be cross-spin and not topspin, which is manifestly quite unsuitable for the stroke.

It seems that the time has arrived for the beginner to use his, or her, own powers of analysis and to desist from absorbing manifest absurdities because they are associated with the name of some skilled player, who, possibly, never even saw the stuff published under his name.

No man or woman, on account of exceptional ability in assaulting a ball, has a right to promulgate faulty mechanics to the detriment of other people's games and it is this consideration of the matter that has led me, who am quite a beginner at golf, to point out to champions, instructors, pupils, golfers and would-be golfers that they should use their own brains in all matters of simple mechanics when the current teaching seems repugnant to reason as it so often is.

Underwood

The eighteenth fairway and green of the famous Minnekahda golf course at Minneapolis

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Blue Thursday

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

The basic facts and events which underlie the trend of business are presented in this weekly financial page. Mr. Gammack is one of the well-known younger men in Wall Street

IMPORTANT surprises are rare in Wall Street. However hard its possessors try to keep a secret, it usually leaks out. In most cases, of course, the logic of events gives ample warning. The six per cent rediscount rate announced by the Board of Directors of the Federal Reserve Bank of New York on Thursday, August 8th, however, caught Wall Street and all who do business there completely off their guard.

During the late winter and early spring the Federal Reserve authorities made no secret of their disapproval of the volume of speculation and bullish traders dreaded every Thursday because on that date the New York Reserve Bank directors met. It was pretty well taken for granted that the five per cent rate would be raised to six sooner or later. This apprehension was dispelled by the May breaks in wheat and in stock prices and, in spite of the buoyancy of the securities markets since then, it never revived.

"The Reserve Board has lost its battle with the stock market. They would not dare raise the rate near the end of the summer with the crop-moving season, the period when agriculture needs funds most sorely, only a few weeks away." This, in substance, was the way in which the average follower of the market disposed of any question regarding the possibility of a higher rate.

Towards the end of July the position of the Bank of England made the possibility of a higher rate here seem extremely remote. London had been losing a large volume of gold to Paris, Berlin and New York and it was pretty generally predicted that the Bank of England directors would be forced to raise their discount rate in order to offset the drain on its gold reserves from abroad. Central bankers of most of the leading occidental countries had been co-operating closely for ten years and no speculator for the rise believed for a moment that we would raise our bid for money and thereby accentuate the exodus of gold from London at a time when the British were having such a hard time.

On the Thursday when the New York Reserve Bank raised its rate, the stock market had enjoyed a day of advancing prices. Wednesday's market was weak because so many operators feared that the Bank of England would be raised the next morning. When London reported no change the market decided that it had nothing to worry about for another week. Every one knew that the New York Bank directors met regularly after three o'clock but the betting would have been at least twenty to one against a higher rate.

	Opening block	Opening price	Overnight loss
Am Can	5,000	162	5
Am & For Pow	11,000	129	12¾
Am Tel & Tel	10,000	266	15
Anaconda	5,000	114	7⅛
Balt & Ohio	5,000	127½	6½
Bethlehem Steel	10,000	118⅛	5
Gold Dust	6,000	55¼	7⅛
General Electric	1,000	371	14
General Motors	20,000	68¼	3⅝
Int Harvester	2,500	115	7
Int Tel & Tel	15,000	110⅛	5⅝
Kennecott	10,000	83⅝	5⅜
Montgomery Ward	11,000	109	5⅛
Mo Kan & Tex	10,000	51	5¾
N Y Central	3,500	228¼	5
North Amer Co	10,000	169½	5⅜
Packard Motor	7,000	130¾	9⅛
Pub Serv of N J	5,000	110	5½
Radio	20,000	81	3
Radio-Keith-Orpr	10,000	34¼	3½
So Calif Edison	5,000	74	5
United Air & Tran	6,500	128½	6½
Util Pow & Lt	15,000	51	3¼
United Gas & Imp	10,000	51¼	3⅞
U S Steel	11,000	216	4⅞
Westing E & M	10,000	225½	8¼

The table above gives an idea of the size of the selling orders and their effect on the price level.

Dr. W. Randolph Burgess, Agent of the Bank, announced the new rate shortly before four o'clock and the news was relayed all over the country within five or six minutes.

What happened on the floor of the Stock Exchange the next day was no surprise. Every one knew that the ten o'clock gong would be the signal for a flood of selling orders and that there would be no buyers at Thursday's closing prices. The ticker confirmed these fears, showing opening prices that, in most cases, were from four to ten points lower than the final quotations of the day before.

Sporadic rallies occurred from time to time but they were inconsequential and the market closed at the lowest level of the day. Short sellers and bargain hunters bought in sufficient volume the following morning to cut some of the losses but the day's gains were petty in comparison with the previous declines. It looked as though the bull market had run into a hurdle too high to jump.

Many spokesmen for the bullish contingent maintained that the higher rate was nothing to fear but the real feeling of the bullish speculators was indicated by the ferocity with which several of them attacked the Reserve authorities.

None of the attacks, of course, blamed the authorities for hurting speculators. Almost no one is willing to say openly that they deserve any consideration whatever.

"The Reserve Board is going to ruin business." was the complaint. "Their shots at the stock market will wound desperately commerce, industry and agriculture."

But the Reserve Bank made two announcements on that fateful Thursday. As it raised the official rediscount rate, it lowered its purchasing rate on bankers' bills from 5¼ to 5⅛ per cent. Those who understand the credit best feel that the new rate on bankers' bills is at least as important as the new rediscount rate. By purchasing a greatly increased volume of bills the Federal Reserve probably will pump more funds into the open market than it will keep out with the rediscount rate.

The lower price for bills, moreover, will relieve the strain on London by attracting a great deal of autumn financing that a 5¼ per cent rate would have driven to London.

In brief, the authorities made a gesture with which they hope to frighten speculators and, as they did so, quietly offered their resources at a lower rate. They assumed that legitimate business wanted easier money and that the stock market did not want to hear anything that would disturb its rosy dreams. They hope that they have helped the former and broken the spirit of the latter. At present they seem to have succeeded but the stock market has over-ridden apparently impassable obstacles before and it may do so again.

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"Now He Swings His Crutch . . . up the road to independence"

"He came to my office in considerable excitement"

Clifford S. Burdge, president of the North Side Bank and Trust Co., Bristol, Conn., tells the story of his advice to a cripple... and what happened

"SEVERAL years ago I was a bank officer in another city," said Mr. Burdge. "I used to buy my paper, every evening, from a newsboy whose stand was just outside the bank door. Angelo, we'll call him.

"Angelo is a cripple—the result of injuries received when just a child. One day, Angelo came into the bank, and to my desk, in considerable perplexity.

"He wanted to know what to do. He had saved up a thousand dollars, and he was being 'pestered to death' to put all the money he had into a 'marvelous opportunity' that would 'double his money' in a few months.

"I knew how Angelo must have worked to save that thousand. I told him why he simply could not expect safety if he put his money into anything so highly speculative. I showed him why, in his circumstances, he ought to put safety before every other consideration.

"Finally, Angelo decided to safeguard his $1000 by putting it into a thoroughly high grade security. Since that time, Angelo has saved and invested steadily; not only has he still got his thousand, but he has already saved two or three more, and is safely launched on an investing career. Angelo now swings his crutch up the road to independence."

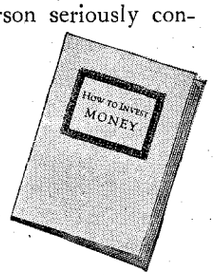
* * *

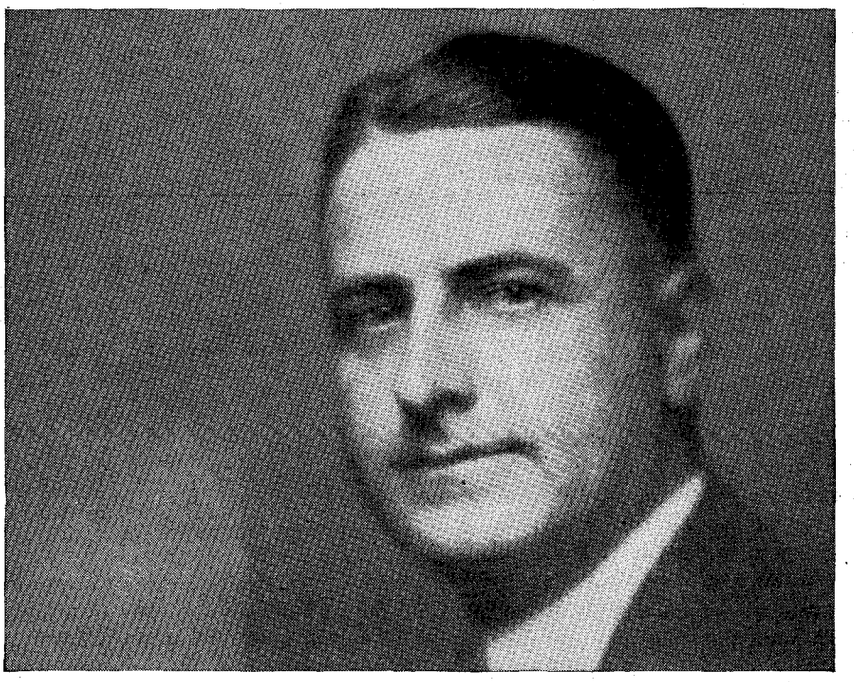
In an era of skyrocketing prices and widespread speculation, the mature and sober judgment of the banker can exert a tremendous influence on the safeguarding of the investment of literally millions of investors. Safety as the cardinal principle of investment was never so important. An average investor can do nothing wiser than go to his banker, or a high grade investment banker, before he decides what to buy.

Good yield, of course, is a highly important consideration, although a high per cent should never be permitted to outweigh the most rigid safeguarding of principal. For any investor who has several thousands to invest, the question of diversification enters—how to spread his investment over different types of securities.

Bankers throughout the country, in widely separated communities, choose from among Straus offerings, both for recommendation to their depositors and for their bank reserves. Among such bonds are seasoned securities from many different investment fields—railroad, municipal, industrial, real estate, public utility, and foreign bonds. From among bonds offered by S. W. Straus & Co., many thousands of investors have filled all their needs for twenty years and more.

As a help to all who are interested in studying the principles of sound investment, S. W. Straus & Co. has prepared an interesting, easy-to-understand booklet, "How to Invest Money." Every person seriously concerned in safeguarding his future should own a copy of this booklet. It will be sent without charge. Write for Booklet H-1005 or fill in the coupon below.





Clifford S. Burdge, president of the North Side Bank and Trust Co., Bristol, Conn., formerly bank examiner for the State of Connecticut, is actively interested in the rapid industrial and commercial development of the prosperous district centering around Bristol.

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The Leisure Arts

Speaking of Books—The Theatre

The Week's Reading

Louis XI. By PIERRE CHAMPION, translated and adapted by WINIFRED S. WHALE: Dodd, Mead. Published August 16. $5.

THE THREE HUNDRED pages of this book are packed with facts and marred by bad writing. The facts are the fruit of painstaking research in original sources by an able French historian. As the translator is an "adapter" as well, we incline to believe that the bad writing may be laid to her door. We imagine that she has worked on the mistaken belief that Americans care only for journalistic writing, punctuated, to give medieval atmosphere with "Noëls."

Pierre Champion tells us in his elaborate introduction, which details carefully the characters and motives of the authorities on Louis's reign, that he has undertaken his work partly to disprove the legend of Louis as the Spider King, a legend grown out of the coeval narratives of Louis's enemies and fostered by the novels of Scott and Hugo. But, although he puts right and wholesome emphasis on Louis's importance as a king, Champion cannot cancel the charges that have been made against him. Not that it matters much. Better that Louis as a personality should live, distorted, in the pages of *Quentin Durward* and *Notre Dame,* should be remembered as King in Villon's Paris, the long-nosed little man who kept his prisoners in iron cages and prayed to his black, image-trimmed hat, than that he should fall into clean dust in the history books. It makes very little difference now that he happened to be the king who broke the power of the feudal barons and consolidated a group of provinces, Anjou and Maine and Dauphine and Burgundy, into a nation, France. The war with the "league of the Public Good," a selfish cause disguised, as usual, by a noble title; the double-dealing with Burgundy; the English intrigue, Lancaster supported against York, King-maker against King; the promotion of business enterprise in France; these things belong to documentary history. But Louis is a subject worthy of a brilliant biography. His high intelligence, patriotic foresight, singleness of purpose, devotion to his meaner subjects and sympathy with commercial ventures, his simplicity of taste, his treachery, superstition and cruelty are characteristics sufficiently curious to tempt the psychographer. While the glamorous social quality of his period and its vast cultural significance (topics not touched on in Champion's book) should entice every historian. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, whose *Villon* was one of the interesting books of last year, is to have a biography of Louis XI published in the fall. He has shown himself qualified to write on the period. It remains to be seen what he will make of the man. He should be able to write a book both more informative and more readable than this one.

Jacket Design by Edw. A. Wilson from "Long Island's Story" by Jacqueline Overton (Doubleday, Doran)

Dr. Fogg. By NORMAN MATSON: Macmillan. Published August 13. $2.

FOGG WAS a scientist who sought to serve progress but was not sure that she existed. His experiments with ether waves summoned a woman from space—perhaps from another planet, perhaps from Earth, a billion years ago. She wandered the world and sought Dr. Fogg when he had perfected his instruments and was in communication with the stars. Dr. Fogg received stellar messages which he managed to translate. He caught the cosmic question which the planets asked each other—"Do you out there also die?"; and the vast affirmative reply. The newspapers got hold of his story and his island laboratory became the center of super-publicity. Governments and Big Business clamored for his secrets. The world co-operated in sending a cosmic greeting card to the universe. But the universe did not reply. The professor signed off forever, and the newspaper exposed the great Fogg hoax as they had exploited the great Fogg boom. Only the girl remained as a witness to the doctor's work and she allowed the unearthly light to die out of her eyes and had a baby. As they say in the planet M'Lo, "Man plus Man-minus equals the Sound-of-weeping."

You will enjoy *Dr. Fogg* if you like to find witty comment upon our civilization concealed in a diverting story. But if you have no taste for exploring the Einsteinian regions where time and space meet and whirl, you had better leave him alone.

Bright Intervals. By NANCY HOYT: Knopf. $2.50.

CLEVER, AMUSING and smartly written, this novel is really good light reading. The story is simplicity itself. Lydia, daughter of mad Stephanyis and West Highland Graemes, meets and marries your perfect and typical New York business man. They play, then quarrel. Too little money, too great a

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need for gaiety, American style, on his part, and happiness, foreign style, on hers, nearly turn the divorce trick. But not quite. There is an interval of happenings and suspense, then the conclusion, which, if not, alas, true to life, is true to light fiction. A talent for characterization, and a delicate perception of the souls of the people whom she describes underlie a casual manner. Gentle irony tempers sympathy; and the highly cultivated style reminds one that Nancy Hoyt and Elinor Wylie were sisters.

The Young May Moon. By MARTHA OSTENSO: Dodd, Mead. $2.50.

THIS NOVEL reads as though the author had thought of a theme, then a plot to fit it, then characters to fit the plot. In spite of competence and a mildly poetic style, the machinery of the story creaks. *The Young May Moon* tells of a girl who made an angry, impulsive and natural gesture in her youth and was required to pay exorbitantly for it. How she lived with the ghosts of the gesture and its consequences, and how another hag-ridden soul helped her and himself back to the fullness of life is the substance of the novel. Except for a difficulty in orienting oneself in setting and milieu, the novel reads easily enough and should please those who like the semblance of serious problems in their light fiction.

Hide in the Dark. By FRANCES NOYES HART: Doubleday, Doran. $2.

A GAME of hide and seek in the dark halls of a southern mansion and a group of sassiety folks start the ball of a first-rate detective story rolling. The writing is pretentious and has a taint of the cheap magazines, but since we have not been taught to look for literature in mystery stories (although we sometimes find it) that does not matter, for the plot is plausible and cleverly worked out, and the story holds the interest from first page to last.

FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS.

The Ordeal of This Generation by GILBERT MURRAY (Harper. $2.50) and the third volume of the *Poincaré Memoirs* (Doubleday, Doran. $5) are published this week and will be reviewed later by John Carter.

Recent Verse

Blue Juniata. By MALCOLM COWLEY: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.

God Beguiled. By GEORGE O'NEILL: Horace Liveright. $2.

"WHAT IS the time, Mr. Cowley, by last year's calendar?" The answer is "Allagazam, the princess with bobbed hair who rides the rump of the bay mare." So runs a portion of Malcolm Cowley's best poem. To be sure, it is unintelligible, but therein lies its force. Actually, in such lines as these absurd ones, there is the essence of the New York mood, its calculating recklessness and its syncopated sense of inevitability. Again the poet catches this spirit of hopeful-dejection in the mixed-up piece called "Buy 300 Stell." Although it is possible to appreciate the motive, and, in rare instances, the effectiveness of the created impression, there is little in *Blue Juniata* to recommend it to one who is not strenuously sympathetic with the ultra-modern conception of art.

By way of contrast there are the poems of George O'Neill: entirely lacking in jumbled originality, leaning to pure emotion rather than to heterogeneous thought, uninterested in complex modernity. *God Beguiled,* despite its pretentious title, is a collection of quite human verses. Mr. O'Neill's work is imaginative, comprehensible, and intellectual enough to be somewhat important. "Prescription and Reproof" is a fair example:

> If you, through contemplation, could absorb
> The uncorrupted eloquence of trees,
> Your tongue might quicken with a greater ease,
> Your eye, so stark and adamant an orb,
> Would flower into luster, by degrees.

There is no allagazam in these lines, and our younger realists, like Mr. Cowley, with orbs so stark and adamant, might learn much from this kind of pleasant, well-constructed mediocrity.

J. DANA TASKER.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS SELECTION is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire from the following bookshops each week:

BRENTANO'S, *New York;* SCRANTOMS, INC., *Rochester;* KORNER & WOOD, *Cleveland;* SCRUGGS, VANDEVOORT & BARNEY, *St. Louis;* HENDRICK BELLAMY CO., *Denver;* TEOLIN PILLOT CO., *Houston;* PAUL ELDER & CO., *San Francisco;* NORMAN REMINGTON CO., *Baltimore;* EMERY BIRD THAYER, *Kansas City;* MILLER'S BOOK STORE, *Atlanta.* BULLOCK'S, *Los Angeles;* MARSHALL FIELD & CO., *Chicago;* STEWART KIDD, *Cincinnati;* J. K. GILL, CO., *Portland, Oregon.*

Fiction

All Quiet on the Western Front, by Erich Maria Remarque, translated from the German by A. W. Wheen: Little Brown. A searching and sensitive story of the World War which shows what the common soldier thinks of it, whatever flag he follows. Reviewed June 5.

The Galaxy, by Susan Ertz: Appleton. A book to sink your teeth into and read with a pleasure at once eager and tranquil. Reviewed August 7.

Roper's Row, by Warwick Deeping: Knopf. Against the press of novelists who would destroy the harmless illusions of readers, Warwick Deeping stands as champion. Reviewed August 7.

They Stooped to Folly, by Ellen Glasgow: Doubleday, Doran. With perfect and terrible detachment the author makes a comedy of dazzling brilliance and exquisite balance. Reviewed August 7.

The Laughing Queen, by E. Barrington: Dodd, Mead. This imaginative romance of Cleopatra is vivid in atmosphere and characterization.

Non-Fiction

Henry the Eighth, by Francis Hackett: Horace Liveright. A masterly re-creation of a striking and important historical scene. Don't miss it. Reviewed April 10.

Believe It or Not, by Robert L. Ripley: Simon and Schuster. *Discussable, no doubt, but not as literature.*

Mansions of Philosophy, by Will Durant: Simon and Schuster. Durant is good enough as a popular historian of philosophy but of small stature as a philosopher, himself. Reviewed June 19.

The Art of Thinking, by Abbé Dimnet: Simon and Schuster. A thoughtful Frenchman writes graciously and wisely of a lost art.

A Preface to Morals, by Walter Lippmann: Macmillan. The author analyzes brilliantly the dilemma in which the sensitive intellectual finds himself today and offers a philosophy of life for modern men. Reviewed May 8.

New Books in Brief

Black Roadways by Martha Warren Beckwith (University of North Carolina Press. $3) is a book on folk life in Jamaica, at least as interesting and factually more valuable than Seabrook's *Magic Island,* so popular last winter. Although Seabrook wrote of Haiti, the two books deal with much the same material. But where Seabrook's book was deliberately sensational, Mrs. Beckwith's is written simply and with great restraint. And where Seabrook trusted, one gathers, to the reporter's keen observation, Mrs. Beckwith has based her work on careful study and reference reading as well. Any one who wishes to pursue the study of Negro folk-lore will find her detailed description of folk-art, prayers, music (with notation and lyrics), incantations, funeral rites and so forth most valuable. And the casual reader, interested in the curious, will find it entirely readable.

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Two books of special interest to travelers are published by Dutton: *Romanesque France* by Violet Markham and *Some Italian Scenes and Festivals* by Thomas Ashby. Setting about, apparently, to write of architecture for the general reader, Miss Markham's fine background and wide interest have led her into archæology, history, and social criticism. Her observations are enlivened by a delightful sense of humor and her book should be a vade mecum for travelers in Romanesque France. Dr. Ashby, out of long residence in Italy, has written with precision and color of the festivals and processions which delight the traveler in Italy, giving details of their history and significance as well as descriptions of their performance.

Lewis Melville, well known as a biographer of literary personages, has written in *Not All the Truth* (Doubleday, Doran) a witty, rambling history of friendships, covering his life-time. Great figures in the world of modern English letters appear in his pages. The author takes himself pretty seriously, and that does not detract from the diverting quality of his book.

A weighty-looking but entirely readable book on aesthetics for the general reader is *Aesthetic Judgment* by D. W. Prall (Crowell). Written, probably, for the use of college students, it gives a clear account of aesthetic theory and its fundamentals, the factors which enter into music, poetry and the fine arts. One of the later chapters, on criticism, is unusually clear, perfectly sound and should help as well as interest many readers, lookers and listeners to the formation of standards of judgment.

The Sun Cure. By Alfred Noyes: Cosmopolitan. $2. Published Aug. 9.

Superficially, *The Sun Cure* is the light-hearted, absurd story of a highly proper and properly high-brow English curate who lost his garments in a moment of folly and had a hard time getting them back. It is pleasant midsummer madness, gracefully written, full of simple philosophy, comedy and sly satire, and makes good reading for warm weather. But beside that it is the pointed fable of a pale soul and how it got a coat of tan.

Alfred Noyes is not yet fifty. He began at twenty to write excellent verse. His dramatic poems, "Sherwood" and "Drake," his sea songs, his nature lyrics are not only narrowly but deeply in the English tradition. Then he petered out. Even readers who had no antipathy to his style or subject ceased to find his work interesting. It appears that life shows itself in many forms upon the oak which is English verse. Suckers spring about the base of the tree and are pruned off by time. Morbid-looking fungus forms upon the trunk and presently dries and falls. Strange twigs, grafted apparently from exotic cultures, flourish and turn out to be oak, after all. And between the branches, up the trunk, cluster of green oak leaves grow. A little sap runs into them. But not enough. They never become branches.

Alfred Noyes's faith in the oak, his distrust of the suckers and the fungus, possibly his dismay at the vigor of some of the grafts and his personal chagrin over the ways of literary timber-appraisers and tree-surgeons run in a sort of sub-theme through *The Sun Cure* and add not a little to its readability. No one who has ever cast a cold and fishy eye over contemporary criticism will fail to be pleased with Mr. Noyes's gleeful exposure of the Reverend Basil Strode's artistic convictions.

Forthcoming Books

Catholicism and Christianity. By Cecil John Cadoux: Dial Press Aug. 20.

George Washington. By Shelby Little: Minton Balch. Aug. 23.

The Meddlers. By Jonathan Leonard: Viking Press. Aug. 21.

John Knox. By Edwin Muir: Viking Press. Aug. 24.

An Interpretation of Genesis. By T. F. Powys: Viking Press. Aug. 24.

Weathergoose-Woo! By Percy Mackaye: Longmans. Aug 21.

Atmosphere of Love. By Andre Maurois: Appleton. Aug. 23.

The Great Apes. By Robert M. Yerkes and Ada W. Yerkes: Yale University Press. Aug. 23.

Barbarian Stories. By Naomi Mitchison: Harcourt, Brace. Aug. 22.

Chicago: The History of its Reputation. By Henry Justin Smith and Lloyd Lewis: Harcourt, Brace. Aug. 22.

Poetry and Mathematics. By Scott Buchanan: John Day. Aug. 22.

The Under Dogs. By Mariano Azuela: Brentano. Aug. 24.

The New American Caravan. ed. By Alfred Kreymborg, Lewis Mumford, Paul Rosenfeld: Macaulay. Aug. 19.

Indian Earth. By Witter Bynner: Knopf. Aug. 30.

Monks Are Monks. By George Jean Nathan: Knopf. Aug. 30.

Modesta. By G. B. Stern: Knopf. Aug. 30.

Leaves in Windy Weather. By Eunice Tietjens: Knopf. Aug. 30.

Loki: The Life of Charles Proteus Steinmetz. By Jonathan Norton Leonard: Doubleday. Aug. 30.

Style and Form in American Prose. By Gorham B. Munson: Doubleday. Aug. 30.

East South East. By F. V. Morley: Harcourt. Aug. 29.

Fever House. By Walter von Hollander: Macaulay. Aug. 26.

Marriage. By Edward Westermarck. Cape and Smith. $1.50. Published August 7.

This brief book is not a condensation of Dr. Westermarck's great three-volume study of the same subject, but an original essay in which the Finnish authority writes compactly of the subject which he has studied so thoroughly. The book is designed for general reading. In view of the obvious fact that marriage is at present one of the most perplexing and most discussed of American problems, and that a little knowledge of fundamentals and history is necessary to the discussion of any subject, such a book as Westermarck's should be widely read.

The Masqueraders. By Georgette Heyer: Longmans, Green. $2. Published August 7.

On a very warm August afternoon, when the captious critical sense has gone on vacation, a grown-up reader might enjoy this tale of Eighteenth Century London. He would need a strong stomach for O-luds and ruffles, but there are several pretty fights in the story and action enough for three movies. A brother and sister, children of a mysterious personage known as "the old gentleman," finding themselves implicated in one too many of their father's adventures, are obliged to masquerade as each other, the youth in furbelows, the girl in pants. In spite of these handicaps, each manages to woo and win a partner of the appropriate sex. The characters are charmingly dressed dolls. And the plot could not be described as original. Still if you like it, you like it.

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The State of the Poor in England as Discussed in Recent Books

WITH the prospect that the "laboring classes" of England will be figuring prominently in the public prints for the next few years, the new books which supply background for such news as that now coming from Lancashire and such discussion as may be expected are very opportune.

Sir Frederic Morton Eden's *State of the Poor,* first published in 1797, and now reprinted (Dutton) in an abridged edition, with a useful introduction by A. G. L. Rogers, gives a running start. When Eden undertook his classic study, the state of the Poor (with a capital P) had been an intermittent cause of anxiety in England for three centuries. High prices in 1794-5, at the beginning of the great war with France, produced an acute situation which roused Eden to make his inquiry. His original subject was "the legal Poor"—how they fared in the workhouses or in their homes under the prevailing system, and how they had been cared for in the past. Fortunately, as he went on he extended the scope of his inquiry until his report developed into a fascinating survey of the life of the working classes at the end of the Eighteenth Century. He was much troubled about the diet of the laborers in southern England—"the unvarying meal of dry bread and cheese from week's end to week's end" with for beverage "the deleterious produce of China," except when their finances permitted "the indulgence of malt liquor."

"In one house the parents, with five daughters and three sons of ages ranging from 10 to 26, occupy two bedrooms. . . . Another family . . . consists of daughters aged 13, 11, 8, 2, 6 months, sons aged 16 and 14. The parents and the two babies sleep in one room. The other room contains two fair-sized beds; the two boys sleep in one, the three girls in the other." But hold! I am getting my notes mixed up. Those conditions were found not by Eden in 1795, but by an investigator in "a respectable street" in "Manchester's best residential suburb" in 1928, and are reported by E. D. Simon, former Lord Mayor of the city, in his *How to Abolish the Slums* (Longmans, Green). It can be done, he believes, within a generation, at a cost "well within the power of the country to meet;" and he outlines a moderate building program which would provide in thirty years—thanks to the diminishing rate of increase of the population—for replacing "the worst 25 per cent" of the pre-War houses, enough of a change to "revolutionize" conditions and abolish the slums.

An even greater need is work for the million and more unemployed whose grievous case has been made a special charge on the Lord Privy Seal of Ramsay MacDonald's new cabinet. The measures which have been adopted for their relief in the twenty eventful years since 1909 are now for the first time reviewed and evaluated, and that very ably, by Ronald C. Davison, in *The Unemployed* (Longmans, Green). Extemporized relief works, he finds, have for the most part been as unsatisfactory since the War as before, and for the same reasons. The unemployment insurance scheme of 1911, as extended in 1920 and modified from time to time, has "for the mass of workers. . . proved reasonably appropriate and adequate." But it cannot meet "the hard case of a quarter of a million workers who are permanently surplus to requirements in their own local industries" the miners and shipbuilders of the "depressed areas" and the iron and steel and cotton workers of many cities—nor can the best efforts of the Industrial Transference Board appointed in 1928 be expected to affect more than a small fraction of them.

Divergent views of how Great Britain should proceed to improve the present industrial situation are offered by Walter Meakin, in *The New Industrial Revolution* (Brentano's) and G. D. H. Cole in *The Next Ten Years in British Social and Economic Policy* (Macmillan). Mr. Meakin sees England's best hope in a whole-hearted adoption, with modifications to suit British conditions and temper, of the policy of *Rationalisierung* by which Germany's basic industries have been restored from their critical situation at the end of the French occupation and the period of inflation. The word "rationalization"—is used to express the whole process of reorganization, through voluntary concerted action, whereby costs have been reduced, output adjusted to demand, working-time shortened, wages raised, marketing organized, and the industries snatched from imminent catastrophe and put on a profitable basis in three years.

It is an astounding story, as Mr. Meakin tells it, of uncompromising intelligence and determination and energy. In the coal industry of the Ruhr, for example, everything has been done that would be needed to put our own bituminous-coal industry in a healthy condition. High-cost mines and seams were shut down; the most efficient equipment was installed, even at the cost of scrapping much that was comparatively new; labor was replaced by machines at every possible point; unnecessary transportation was eliminated; and associated coking, by-product, and power enterprises were developed until almost every colliery left in production was a huge coal-using factory as well as a mine.

In this case many thousands of workmen and some hundreds of technical and administrative officials were permanently displaced, but in the iron and steel industry rationalization brought about such an expansion of the market that within two years more workers were employed than when the process was begun.

Mr. Cole does not believe in cutting costs by squeezing out surplus labor. He argues that this narrows the market —not admitting, apparently, that by reducing prices it opens up new markets, stimulates production in other industries, and sets in motion a whole train of events which eventually absorb the displaced and raise the general standard of living. His remedy for present ills is assistance to and guidance of private enterprise by the state. He would have the state direct the use of capital and labor, as it did during the War. He would acquiesce in low wages when necessary to keep a market, and would make up for them by "family allowances" which would add vast sums to the taxes. As for the unemployed, he would consider all who cannot find work in their own trade for a certain period, say six months, as industrially demobilized, and would organize them into a national labor corps, to be trained by the state and employed under its direction.

Probably the British will find some way of their own of "muddling through." At any rate, they still hold that, as Eden put it, "the greatest praise that can be given to any government is a statement that there is employment for all, that their cottages are comfortable, their food wholesome, and their children well clothed."

EDWARD T. DEVINE

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Forecast

The Outlook and Independent Announces

THE PROPOSED tariff bill has recently been the subject of much comment in the press. The list of those whose opinions on this subject have been faithfully reported extends from Mr. Grundy of Pennsylvania and Senator Smoot as far as Will Rogers. In the leading article of the next issue, "Does Our Tariff Menace Peace?", Mr. Wickham Steed, editor of the English *Review of Reviews* and formerly editor of *The London Times*, impartially considers the proposed tariff from the European point of view and predicts its probable effect on our foreign relations particularly in regard to the prospect for peace.

THE DISTINGUISHED contributor to the editorial page of the next issue will be Dr. Morris Fishbein, editor of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Dr. Fishbein discusses the possibility of increased longevity in his editorial and concludes, in spite of the prominence given such nonagenarians as John D. Rockefeller, that it is pretty hard to extend human life much beyond the psalmist's "three score and ten" years.

THE PROBLEMS raised by the tremendous production of automobiles are not limited to questions of manners. In an article, "Covered Wagons to Rubber Tires," Mr. Wainwright Evans, author of the much discussed "The Sanctity of the Law," which appeared in a recent issue of The Outlook and Independent, traces the tremendous developments of roads in this country and hints at the immense possibilities of international road construction.

ALTHOUGH THE Kansas Civil War between the moral reformers and the liquor interests ended in victory for the forces of righteousness, Carry Nation did not escape uninjured. Many were the blows aimed in her direction. The next installment of Herbert Asbury's "The Story of Carry Nation" describes, strangely enough, the amused and tolerant treatment which she received in New York. Long known in the mid-western credo as the "canker of a continent and the wickedest city since Gomorrah," the metropolis received her with true urbanity.

The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

IN OUR humble opinion, a new farce comedy hit has come to town—David Belasco's production of Laurence Johnson's *It's a Wise Child*. True, it is a variant of Mr. Belasco's latter-day favorite theme: illegitimacy. And it is a trifle obvious in its idea. We guessed the plot in the first twenty minutes. But it is deftly put together, nevertheless, and is presented—with one exception—by as excellent a comedy cast as Broadway sees these days. The one exception—we are not given to naming victims, so will refrain in this instance—only serves to explode the old legend of the master's infallibility as a producer. The rest, including both cast and stage directing, proves that he is still an average showman.

In essence, the play is built upon the phrase, so fatal to Victorian, virginal respectability, "I am about to become a mother." And its plot revolves about the inevitable search for the unutterable villain.

In this instance, the predicament of the several gentlemen in the play—who are alternately insulted either by being suspected or being ruled out—is the more amusing because in reality the lady is not about to become a mother at all; and is merely inspired to make the statement to her elderly fiancé in order to get him to break their engagement—she having observed that Annie, the maid in the household, who unfortunately is actually in a delicate condition, has been disdained by her lover, the iceman, upon the discovery of the fact.

Needless to say, the idea works only too well—bringing out everything from fainting spells on mother's part to loaded revolvers in brother's hands; and heroic actions on the part of the family lawyer, who happens to be genuinely in love with the young lady.

To our mind, the funniest moment in the play arrived when Dumb-bell Brother-in-law, informed that his young sister-in-law is about to become a mother, says desperately: "Whose mother?" and is slapped in the face by his enraged spouse.

Two bits of social satire enliven the piece. One, when the iceman, after having beaten up the local policeman (on suspicion) and having been persuaded by three sleepless nights to take Annie back, reflects that after all it would be a queer world "if Annie went around cracking in the jaw every dame I'd been intimate with." The other, when G. A. Appleby, elderly financier, the lady's fiancé, and president of the local Chamber of Commerce, announces his intention of stopping all such actions on the part of the younger generation "If I have to string electric lights every ten feet along the river front."

Possibly New York audiences are prone to be more highly amused than those of other cities by such sophisticated and slightly burlesque portraits of familiar Americans. But the touch of satire on our official attempts to deal with sex and the gradual change which has come about in the past ten years, where the double standard is concerned, seemed to be intensely relished by the audience.

Obviously, the play is no great shakes as a contender for the American drama prize. It is another kind of *Little Accident*, without quite so much of the genuine human interest that that slight comedy contains; but much more cleverly constructed and deftly done. Obviously, too, it is not a play for those to whom sex is never sufficiently objective to be a matter for humor. Nevertheless, for people who can take their sex or leave it alone, it is just as obviously an exceedingly funny if somewhat broad and over-emphasized play.

We predict that it will run far into the winter.

We regret that we cannot say anything approaching this for William A Brady's presentation of Arthur Brash's *Now-a-Days*. This play, if it proves anything, proves that college boys now-a-days are easy victims for calculating sirens, and inevitably murder bootleggers so that said sirens may commit suicide. A cursory inspection proved to us, however, that no matter how wrong college boys may go now-a-days, they don't go nearly so far wrong as Mr. Brady does when he considers this a fit successor for *Street Scene*. To our mind, its only kinship lies in the fact that it is another melodrama. We imagine that Jessie Bonstelle—now director of the Civic Theatre in Detroit—must have suffered considerably in staging it.

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An Old Subscriber Changes His Address

Dutch Flat, Placer County
California, May 15, 1929

My dear Outlook and Independent:

Did you ever hear of Dutch Flat? I can find no flat ground and devil a Dutchman at all.

Dutch Flat's a grand place. There isn't a movie within twenty miles, nor a doctor. There are maybe 150 people. In the school are nine pupils. Cows with bells on their necks wander the streets, browse round old abandoned houses, doze beneath the pines. There is one store which is also postoffice and phone exchange. I was down there a while ago and found it closed. The keeper was gone home to dinner, I suppose. There is a quaint old hotel built in 1856. In the rooms are huge walnut bedsteads, that came over the plains by ox-team; old walnut bureaus too. The old emigrant trail wound close by where Dutch Flat now is.

In the days of gold, Dutch Flat was a jostling busy place. In the hotel are registers and ledgers dating from that time. You may read of how Jim Hughs brought in gold dust which he traded for schnapps and a new pick, also some dynamite. In those days there were saloons, livery stables, a lumber yard, clothing stores, grocery stores, all manner of stores in Dutch Flat. Today along Main street stands a row of rotting buildings, long ago closed. Pheasant's eye narcissus and daffodils flourish all over Dutch Flat. English may is in bloom. It was brought here long long ago by Englishmen who yearned for their homeland. Peonies and tulips, flowering locust, and yellow laburnum grow in old gardens along Main street. A mile away passes the main highway, but it doesn't trouble Dutch Flat. From beyond a high pine-clad mountain there flares at night an air-mail beacon. Once in a while a plane roars high above Dutch Flat. No one looks up. Dutch Flat is sufficient. From the top of the ridge behind Main street you look down upon great naked gullies where vast white boulders glisten in the sun. Banks of red earth, pinnacles of red earth, stand above the deep gullies. Here and there lie lengths of rusted iron pipe through which in bygone years the water poured, to wash away the soil and so expose the glittering gold. Today hydraulic mining is forbidden by law. It had to be forbidden, for thanks to it the valley river beds were filling in with silt, the rivers rising, so that the safety of towns along their banks was threatened.

Dutch Flat's a fine place. I've been here a week and no one has so much as asked me what my business is. The first day I was here I started down a winding hill road. A man driving a rusty old car passed, and stopped to ask me would I care to ride. He drove me down to Bear river, two miles away, and when he set me down said, "You'll have a steep climb back up. If you can't make it, just sit down. I'll come and get you if I don't see you round town when I get back." He returned to town by another road, and as I was walking up the sunny hill that afternoon I met him coming to look for me.

Yesterday I met a man dressed in city clothes, with a good pair of shoes and a fine hat. His eyes looked red. "A pretty place," said I. He said, "I've just come back this morning, the first time in thirty-five years. It breaks my heart to see the old place so. I was born and raised here."

I've bought a home in Dutch Flat. The man I bought from said, "I've got to sell. I'm going away from here to give my boy an education." Last night I met him on the street. I said, "You're not gone yet?" He smiled and scratched his head. "I can't leave Dutch Flat," said he. "I was born and raised here."

There are robins and juncos and swallows, gold finches, stella jays, band-tailed pigeons, woodpeckers, sapsuckers, and many another bird at Dutch Flat. There are trout in the streams and deer on the hill slopes. Down the road a way are the old gold camps of "Red Dog" and "You Bet." Up the road a way is Donner Lake, where the people of the Donner party froze and starved to death, caught by the winter snow in the Sierras.

I'll be strolling down to the post-office to mail you this letter now. A letter to New York. Skyscrapers, elevated trains, electric lights by the million, tramp of ceaseless feet, roar, rush, greed, and "be damned to you," "every man for himself and the devil take the hindermost" . . . civilization! progress! . . . .

There's peace in Dutch Flat! Look in when you come by.

BILL ADAMS

P. S. Would you tell the circulation man that my address is now Dutch Flat?

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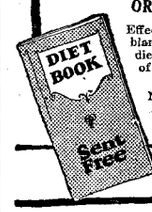

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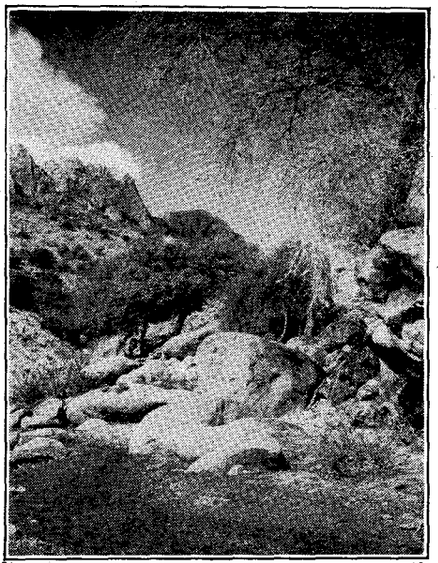

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From the Life

By IBBY HALL

The Landlady

AS FAR AS SHE could see the whole world needed to be taken care of, and all she could do about it was to provide one rooming house, none too large.

The neighborhood was respectable. And the rooms were cheap. The roomers came and went. But while they stayed they were taken care of. And she saw to it that every one in it was kept clean, was made comfortable and received the very best advice.

So it happened that when this new lodger arrived, she stood in her open doorway of summer and staring at him, weighed the evidence carefully. He had brought his trunk in a wheelbarrow. Thrifty and no false pride. There was a look in his face—about his hands—of familiarity with hard work. He was stooped and worn and elderly. Yes, he needed to be taken care of. Out loud, she said he might have a room.

The new lodger turned then to the wheelbarrow. Gravely and silently he hauled the trunk to the pavement. Silently and doggedly he set about hauling it upstairs.

"Here!" she said and stepped forward to lend a hand.

But he stood between her and the trunk, hunching a shoulder and shaking his head. He was going to manage by himself. Crouching and heaving from below, crawling around and tugging from above, he proceeded to manage.

"Thinks he don't need help!" ejaculated his new landlady to her own mind. "He'll soon find out. Here!" she spoke again authoritatively, "Gimme a holt."

But even as she spoke, crash! went the contents of the belabored trunk, and shivered into a thousand pieces. She stopped aghast, but her new lodger, continued independently upwards, hauling his baggage. She stared after him. "Needs a nurse," she muttered and bent her brows. She followed stiffly and showed him to his room.

Throughout the morning, fascinated and affronted, she could not turn her mind from her new responsibility. What was he doing now? Why was he not asking for something? What loss had he suffered in that smash? Was he going to do away with himself? Why wouldn't he let her handle that trunk?

Resolved at last, she ascended the stairs and approached his door. The door was open. From the inside of the room came an ominous sound. Clink-clink, she heard. Clink. Clink. Through the open door she saw her new lodger. He was sitting on the bed, the trunk lid open beside him sorting something. Glass? China? She stepped closer. It was money.

"Where'd you get it?" said the landlady loudly and stepped inside the room. But he scarcely noticed her, except to mumble hastily between counts.

"Earnings—sixty-eight—sixty-nine."

She stared at the trunk. Money! She had never seen so much money. Flung and choked inside the battered trunk, and her lodger reaching out a gnarled hand towards it to count it.

"If it's honest earnings why'ent it in the bank?" she asked severely.

"Seventy-fi'—seventy-six—too much trouble—seventy—"

"How long you had it?"

He paused then and looked at her. "I been saving it over forty years. I been living on it four. Here it is and here it stays. Eighty-one. It's mine."

She leaned towards him. "It ought to be in the bank," she told him. "You hear me? You take it to the bank!"

But he no longer heard or looked at her. He went on counting.

The landlady stepped outside the room. "Thinks he can take care of himself, she thought grimly, "here's where he finds out different."

There was a telephone downstairs. The downstairs clock said quarter to three. By the time the police arrived she was ready for them with pillow cases. "We can pack it up," she explained, "in these." Then she sent them upstairs and went to hail a taxi.

Later in the afternoon she met her returning lodger at the front door. He was escorted still by the police who carried in their hands her empty travel worn pillow cases. She fixed her eye on one of these.

"How much?" asked the landlady.

But the police shook dubious heads. "He wouldn't say," they answered.

The landlady and the lodger looked at each other, eye to eye defiantly.

"How much?" she repeated and knew that she had beaten. After all, he would find it pleasant to be taken care of.

His eye wavered. He sighed. Meekly he got out his passbook.

The landlady leaned nearer to see the newly written figure.

"Six-0-0-0," she said indulgently. "Now I call that a real good boy."

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With Our Readers

A Challenge

Normal, Illinois

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

Harvey O'Higgins is dead—peace to his ashes. The Outlook should offer prayers for the repose of his soul. It is evident from all he has written that he—as well as The Outlook—has little use for the Prohibition movement. Nearly all of the new Outlook writers have by indirection made back-handed thrusts at this great moral reform. Why does not The Outlook come out boldly into the open and say, "I am for booze?" After reading "In Praise of Hypocrisy" the readers of The Outlook gather that about fifty per cent of hypocrisy is necessary to normal life—that all so-called reformers are well meaning, deceitful, old fogies with roseate ideals but no sense, and that American Mothers are sentimental visionaries only for the purpose of feeding milk to babies. It is to be regretted that the inference derived from reading "In Praise of Hypocrisy" is that Harvey O'Higgins could not have placed his Mother on the highest pinnacle of sainted adoration. It is well to remember that so conspicuous a person as Abraham Lincoln said, "All that I am I owe to my sainted Mother."

We all concede to the noble character of Benjamin Franklin—he is not only an honor to Americans but a citizen of the world. But let us not forget that he was great not because of his faults, but in spite of them. No man is entirely free from hypocrisy.

Were Benjamin Franklin living today—with his progressive mind and keen spiritual vision—there is every evidence to make us believe that he would stand heart and soul along with Thomas Edison and Henry Ford for Prohibition. The Outlook seems to forget that ideals have moved forward and have changed since the days of Ben Franklin.

After highbrow writers have expressed themselves in hair-splitting niceties—telling just how things should be done—the subject confronts the American people without frills and the question, "Are you for booze or are you against booze?" admits of no dodging. Come out into the open and fight. In a democracy like ours we have agreed to submit to the will of majorities. That does not mean because we do not like a law that we have a right to break it. The coming years will see a battle royal to decide whether John Barleycorn shall rule America or be dethroned. The Outlook has a perfect right to be independent. Its readers of the days of Lyman Abbott were above the average of intelligence and morals and we believe they are such today. We also believe a majority of them have taken high ground against King Alcohol. Why does not The Outlook stand for something? Either uphold the President's hands or else come out boldly for booze.

Very sincerely,

F. A. WALKER

Appreciation

Denton, Maryland

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

I have been a reader of The Outlook for many years and have always regarded it as a worth-while magazine, although not always one whose every article, editorial and contributory, met my full approbation; nor have I accounted them all of equal merit. But its pages are always interesting, informative, and thought-inspiring.

The issue of July 17 is especially noteworthy. "The Story of Carry Nation," the first installment of which this issue contains, bids fair to be of absorbing interest. Henry F. Pringle's article, "Noble in Motive," shows a clear understanding and is a candid statement of conditions and a just appraisment of men more or less publicly prominent. The article itself is "noble in motive" in that, regardless of the half-baked and prejudiced criticism it is sure to provoke, it states clearly and fairly the conditions that exist with no attempt to gloss over or palliate the crimes that are committed almost daily in efforts to suppress an admitted evil. That the exposition of undisputed facts condemns not only the immediate perpetrators of the crimes but of those in authority over these viciously reckless underlings is sure to be resented by men who minimize the atrocity of every crime committed in attempts to enforce legal statutes against acts that are misdemeanors, as many think, rather than crimes.

The several confessions and inquiries in regard to religion's experiences recently published shed light on conditions that exist whether or not we accept the fact of their existence. These articles, if they do nothing else, should incite to a change of method and attitude on the part of those who take upon themselves the perpetuation of religion as practiced and taught by the churches today.

WM. S. CROUSE.

Correction

Boston, Mass.

To the Editor of
The Outlook and Independent:

DEAR SIR:

In your latest issue, July 31st, Mr. Milton MacKaye states in his article on "The Modern Bluejacket" that the only Club for the enlisted man that has survived the War, is the National Navy Club in New York.

I wish to state that the Scollay Square Service Club at 34 Scollay Square, Boston, Mass., was started by three churches Dec. 1st 1917, and has been going strong ever since that date. In 1920, the Churches withdrew their support, but three of the hostesses who realized the great need for the continuation of such a work, held the Club together by private appeal, until in 1927 we became an incorporated institution.

The Club is free to any man in the Navy, Army, Marines or Coast Guard, and is open from 4-11 P. M. daily, Saturdays and Sundays opening at 2 P. M. It consists of one large room which has a canteen, checking service, two pool tables, writing facilities plenty of books and other reading matter, and always a hostess or two for games or conversation. Saturday night dances are held during the winter months, where the boys are given an opportunity to meet nice types of girls. The attendance at the Club averages from 45,000 to 60,000 a year, depending upon the number of ships coming into the Boston Navy Yard.

The Club is supported almost entirely through subscriptions, with an occasional benefit, and appeals are sent out every year to an ever-widening area.

Sailors on the West Coast, as well as all up and down the East Coast and around the Canal Zone, talk of "Mother" Reed's apple-pie and strawberry-shortcake which is famous in many a port. We know well, through similar report the fine work being done by the National Navy Club in New York, but we would like to have your readers know that "Jack Ashore" is made equally welcome at the Scollay Square Club in Boston.

Yours truly,

FRANCES R. PORTER

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We Become World-Conscious

(Continued from Page 651)

increased interest of the American people in world affairs, just before President Hoover proclaimed in effect the General Pact for the Renunciation of War, former Secretary Kellogg remarked that even during the years he was in office, the work of the Department of State had greatly increased, perhaps as much as 50 per cent. "This expansion," he said, "is a direct expression of the growing interest of the American people in world affairs. For nearly everything the Department does, it does in response to some definite demand, or to satisfy some need of the American people. In returning to my home in St. Paul, I have been much impressed at the interest the people there have in current international questions."

Citing some statistics, we find that the correspondence of the State Department jumped from 556,419 items in 1916-17, to 1,180,865 in 1926-27. The work of the Department is still growing. In pre-War days it took an expert only a year to prepare for publication a volume of the Foreign Relations of the United States. It took one man recently 19 months to prepare for publication our diplomatic correspondence with Russia for the years 1917 and 1918.

Let us note one or two other evidences which the State Department can supply of our growing interest in international affairs. The United States has been taking part, in recent years, in so many international conferences that the Department has recently established a special section in the protocol division to handle the arrangements for these international meetings. Journalists and writers, in unprecedented numbers, are going abroad on writing trips of various kinds and are asking the Department for letters of introduction, and guidance. Finally, a working newspaper man may see with his own eyes visible proof of the world consciousness of America in the fact that the press conferences at the State Department rank next to those at the White House, in their importance, and in the size of the attendance. Fifteen or twenty years ago, the State Department was a newsmaker only sporadically. Now, it is almost a daily contributor to the front pages of the metropolitan press. The "leading" correspondents seldom go to any other cabinet press conference, but some of them may be found every day at the State Department.

Evidences of our wider perspective may be found further afield. The establishment of "Foreign Affairs" was one of the signs of the times, as was too the founding of the Council on Foreign Relations. Officials of the Library of Congress tell you that there has been a tremendous increase in the number of books published in this country on international affairs. Periodical literature too contains a vastly greater proportion of articles on foreign affairs.

The Institute of Politics at Williamstown still devotes its main attention to world problems and the Institute of Pacific Relations, the Institute of Public Affairs and International Relations at Athens, Georgia, and the Northwest Institute of International Relations have been laboring in the same field. The programs of the Academy of Political Science, and the Academy of Political and Social Science reveal an increased emphasis in world affairs, as compared with a few years ago.

To meet the growing demand of American business for men trained in the principles of foreign trade, as well as to train men for the State and Commerce Departments, Georgetown University ten years ago established a school of Foreign Service. The school was a pioneer in the field, and the student body, growing each year, is recruited from practically every state in the Union, and from many foreign lands. Specializing in the field of international commerce, many of its graduates have risen to posts of high responsibility. The school is clearly filling a real need. American universities offer many more courses in international law and international relations than they did a decade or so ago. The division of International Law of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace found that in 1927 the number of institutions teaching international law and related subjects was 356, as compared with 225 in 1920-21. The number of students of international law showed an even greater increase.

If you visit an English family, you are pretty sure to find that at least one member of it is overseas, in trade or government service. And an examination would be pretty sure to show also that a good part of the income of that same family was derived from foreign investments. Before the War, British overseas investments totalled eighteen billions of dollars. Because of his pocket-book, if for no other reason, the Britisher has for generations followed the course of world affairs with a close, and usually an intelligent interest. The same economic factors have created in America a tremendously increased interest in foreign affairs. Main Street is discovering the world.

The Fictitious Negro

(Continued from Page 649)

product of an economic system. Though reviewers would have us believe that the rent party is a recreation which has its roots in the jungle, I am not unmindful of the fact that rent parties are due to economic difficulties. When Mrs. Johnson and Mr. Brown have to pay seventy-five or eighty dollars for rooms that are worth not half that much in other localities, they must meet this exorbitant rental by some method. Since their wages fall to the minimum scale, some ingenious person originated the rent party as a method of meeting this high cost of living in their proverbial Mecca.

A recent addition to this deluge of books dealing with Negro life is a group of short stories dealing with a common theme, entitled *Black Magic*. The author believes that by virtue of his blood alone, the Negro is fundamentally a misfit in America, a person amenable only to his primordial culture. In one fantasy that reaches the nth degree of absurdity, he writes of a sophisticated, cultured American Negress who went on a Cook's tour to Africa only to succumb inevitably to jungle madness, satisfied to be the woman of some African warrior. In another he describes a Negro leader who as a representative to the Pan-American Congress from America, happens to be viewing relics in the Belgian Congo Museum in Brussels, masques and other objects of African art. Immediately, he suffers psychic disturbances and nostalgia because he is supposed to be a creature lost from his natural habitat. So I must ask, how long will writers treat on this common nonsensical theme? If I should take such books seriously, I would tremble lest in my roaming I should touch the African shores and succumb to the jungle.

Novelists of Negro life fall into two categories—namely, those who understand them, and those who are still shackled to a concept. In the first category, DuBose Heywood is unquestionably conceded a place, for his latest novel *Mamba's Daughters* has scored highly as a literary product. Into this novel he has welded truth and artistry that leave lasting impressions upon his readers. Appearing at almost the same time, *This Side of Jordan* represents the products of those novelists who are still shackled to a concept. This novel consists of a few hundred pages of pure rot, a feeble attempt to prove a theory, mainly that Negroes are still creatures of the jungles. To prove this theme, the author goes beyond the limits of

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verisimilitude by having a graduate of Tuskegee Institute and Cornell University return home to his native village unaffected by such an education. In a disagreement with his father, the college graduate resorts to butting his father to settle the controversy. Following that, the author would have his readers believe that the college graduate forsakes his attractive, educated sweetheart for the exotic girl who dances primitively before him. Unfortunately, novelists like DuBose Heywood are few.

A review that appeared in the literary supplement of the *New York Times* caused me to laugh as I read these words of *Scarlet Sister Mary*: "This novel is a searching account of the heart and mind of the Negro race." I did not read the novel, but I knew such a statement was absurd first by analysis and second by the admission of the author, herself, that the Negroes of her books were members of a particular culture group called the "Gullahs." And Julia Peterkin, the author, had this to say about the Gullahs in Ebony and Topaz, which stultifies such judgment of one who would attempt to interpret her books. She writes: "It is surprising to find that, outside of the South, there is scarcely any acquaintance with the word, 'Gullah', although it stands not only for a large number of Negroes who make up most of the population along our lower coasts, but also for the quaint and charming patois which they speak."

How soon this common theme shall reach the nauseating state is not easy to foretell. We have had this deluge of books, were entertained and probably are better acquainted with the fictitious Negro. But the Negro remains misunderstood. White Americans still show signs of amazement when Negroes prove themselves worthy members of *homo sapiens* in respect to achievement and culture.

Some day the average white American will make a great discovery,—he will inevitably learn that the pigments of the American Negro do not warrant his being excluded from this heterogeneous mass of humanity called the American people, for the Negro minority has and will have acquired the faults and virtues of this civilization.

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Honor Among Lawyers

(Continued from Page 646)

must, or should accept extraordinary responsibilities. It is his responsibility that his profession is kept honorable and upright.

California in 1927 was the first state to experiment with the plan of an all-inclusive bar. Under the law now in force there membership in the bar is, in effect, compulsory. The bar elects its own board of governors and this board is empowered to fix requirements for admission and is also empowered to disbar. Its procedure requires the formality of approval by the State Supreme Court.

Eventually, it would appear, this plan is likely to be adopted in other communities, but the experiment must be carried still further if it is to be thoroughly effective. A more complete check on the moral qualifications of candidates for admission has become necessary because of the evolution of the legal profession into a business. A house cleaning of schools will aid in ridding the profession of undesirables, but, unfortunately, sheer education and brilliance are not always a guarantee of rectitude.

The present day character tests, as any honest lawyer will admit, are perfunctory. Any one can obtain character witnesses; any one does. The method in vogue now is approximately this: the candidate for admission calls on a practicing lawyer who is friendly to young men. After, perhaps, a half hour talk the lawyer presumes his visitor is "all right" and furnishes him with an affidavit. The lawyer has no further responsibility and his affidavit relieves the Character Committee of its responsibility of investigation. The young man is passed.

Mr. Lloyd N. Scott, New York attorney, has suggested a drastic reform which would eliminate this unsatisfactory procedure. His plan is feasible and it has been productive of much comment. Mr. Scott would grant to the candidate passing the bar examination a junior admission to his profession. The candidate would receive a franchise to practice in the lower courts for two years. At the end of the period he would be eligible again for examination by the character committee. His activities during his junior membership would be studied carefully. If his record passed muster, if there was no evidences of unprofessional conduct or unreliability, the candidate would receive a full and senior membership.

Mr. Scott's proposal seems sanely inspired, as are the other ambitious plans which we have examined. The law, lifting itself by its bootstraps, may yet find its way back from the business world, but it is still left for the layman to close his investigation on a minor note. It is very well to encourage your young man, it is very well to compel of him a long apprenticeship, it is very well to talk of canonical conduct, but the standard of success that he now sees set before him is not likely to turn his face away from the rich altars of materialism. Too often those who expound ethics from their professional pinnacle are the same gentlemen who, for a matter of a $100,000 fee, can find merit in any given bit of anti-social legislation. If the legal profession is to be saved it must not only be reformed, it must be debunked.

Dr. Hutchins foresees the time when America's lawyers will not merely refuse to capitalize the misfortunes of others, but will be helping to shape the law to meet the demands of a changing society. It is a consummation devoutly to be wished, since, if we may call upon Mr. Levy once more:

"The abstract ethical beliefs of a community may approach the splendid ideals imposed by the churches and schools; its ethical conduct can never rise above that of its lawyers."

The Conquest of Kansas

(Continued from Page 664)

Nation, God has given me a mission. I dare not turn back. Shall I hearken unto God, or unto man? Judge ye!' I shall always believe that he was induced to do this by the Republicans, thinking to hinder my work."

She left Columbus on August 12, but she had scarcely boarded the train than she strode into the smoking car, where she walked up and down the aisle loudly disclosing her identity, and preemptorily ordering the passengers to throw away their cigars and cigarettes, which they did without protest. Then she went into the first day coach, which was crowded, and cried:

"Plenty of room in the smoking car, ladies. I've made those hellions stop blowing poison all over the car. Come right with me, ladies!"

Half a dozen women followed her into the smoker, an almost unheard of invasion in those days, and when she had ushered them in, she said:

"Make yourselves at home, ladies, and don't let any one puff hell-fumes at you. There is whisky on this train, and I am going to find it."

In one Pullman compartment she found Michael Reardon, H. F. Allen and James Scanlan, noted mid-western horsemen, who were bound for New York to see the match race between the great trotters, Cresceus and The Abbot. They were refreshing themselves from a bottle of whisky which stood upon the washstand, and Carry Nation promptly smashed it with her hatchet. They produced another, and when she screamed, "You infernal sots!" and would have destroyed that also. Mr. Reardon said, "This is cold tea, Madam. It's very good on a hot day like this." He poured her a glassful, but when she discovered it to be whisky she shouted that she had been poisoned, and attempted to fling it out the window. But the wind blew it back against her dress, whereupon she cried, "I am anointed with iniquity!" and hastened from car to car explaining the source of the pungent odor which heralded her coming. Later, however, she returned, and for half an hour amicably talked horse with the three men, for after all she was a true Kentuckian, and horse racing was one of the few things which she did not regard as sinful.

"I don't like your whisky," she said, "but I like good horse racing, and I wish you men luck. If I wasn't in this hatchet business, I'd go to New York for that race myself. I think Cresceus will win."

The hatchet business, however, soon took her to New York.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

Does Our Tariff Menace Peace?

A European Point of View

By Wickham Steed

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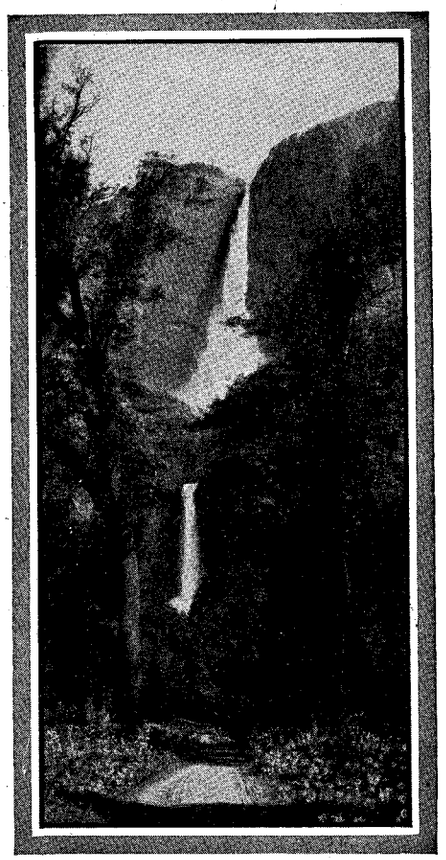
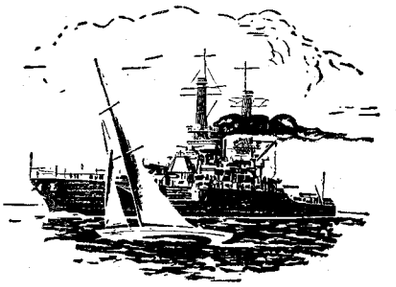
Springfield, Missouri

Your vacation in California—

need cost but little more than an ordinary vacation



YOSEMITE FALLS, YOSEMITE VALLEY



SURELY your mind has caught the magic of these names... Lake Tahoe, in the high Sierra. Yosemite. Mt. Lassen. Russian River. Del Monte, Monterey and Carmel-by-the-Sea. *Piety Hill* and *Chinese Camp*, ghost-towns of the golden days...

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Come this summer to the greatest outdoors of all—where every kind of sport competes with every way to rest... and you're liable to discover in yourself a brand new person. Beside the real economies its central situation offers, you'll marvel at the city San Francisco is... you'll taste the tang of the world upon its waterfront, and climb its hills to find a charm no other city knows—a charm that comes from an art in living that the city proudly calls its own.

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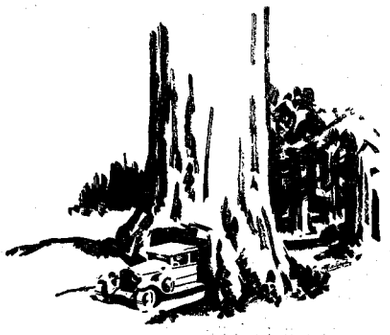

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▶▶ With Our Readers ◀◀

▶▶Fit for the Police Gazette

To the Editors of the Outlook and Independent: *Washington*

DEAR SIRS:

One of your subscribers, at least, has become thoroughly weary of wading through filth, hypocrisy, lying and stealing in order to discover when and how a selfish and utterly immoral youth begins to reform.

What sympathy one feels is for the owners of the property so skillfully and ruthlessly stolen—the proceeds to be spent in gambling, drunkenness, and debauchery.

If the army discipline can reform your prize criminal, who has received much more kindness and consideration than he deserves, it will surely have earned a crown of glory.

But how a paper like the Outlook could publish such a tale is past my comprehension. The Police Gazette seems a more fitting medium.

MARY D. COLVOCORESSES

Cruel and Unusual Punishments

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *New York*

DEAR SIR:

The story of John Coffey regarding his treatment in that so-called reformatory should arouse the indignation of every fair minded person. By what process of reasoning the inhuman monster at the head of that establishment arrived at the conclusion that the poor unfortunates under his care were to be deprived of all human rights and were to have fiendish torture inflicted upon them cannot be imagined by any right thinking individual. Moreover, this barbarous treatment was given not for any serious offense while in the establishment but merely for breaking an absurd set of rules. On the contrary, Article VIII of the Amendments to the United States Constitution absolutely prohibits all cruel and inhuman punishments. The superintendent of the place mentioned was therefore guilty under the law, in fact was a far worse criminal than those in his charge, and should have been prosecuted for his actions. It is to be sincerely hoped that the Constitutional Amendment referred to will be used to prosecute such offenders in every state in the Union, as there is reason to believe that the inhuman treatment of prisoners is all too common.

There can be no doubt but that those who have made mistakes against the laws of society may require temporary restraint and gentle admonishment, to which should be added training in some self-supporting occupation and employment secured for such persons when leaving the institution, and even a moderate degree of support given until such employment is secured instead of being driven by the force of inhuman circumstances, to the commission of further crime. Proper treatment of such individuals would undoubtedly result in the restoration of a very large proportion, if not all of them to a respectable position in society, and do away with what is now a shame and a disgrace to the whole community, even the whole country. The Outlook and Independent is to be commended for exposing these terrible outrages against defenseless prisoners which cannot fail to have a salutary effect in quarters where such exposure is needed.

A FRIEND OF HUMANITY

Wild Asses of the Asphalt

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Lakewood, Ohio*

DEAR SIR:

In the February 12th issue of the Outlook and Independent, there appears an article by Darwin L. Teilhet, "Is Motoring a Crime?" that appears a little unfair. It seems that some conclusions are drawn from isolated cases which do not represent the attitude of traffic officers, generally, toward the motoring public.

With the statement that engineering agencies are gradually taking the problem of the handling of traffic out of the hands of the police there can be no quarrel; in fact, it is recognized as a move in the right direction, but in fairness it should also be said that practically every traffic problem was originally created by engineering agencies and because of lack of vision on their part—creating intersections with traffic flowing from a dozen angles—it will take another twenty years to widen streets, round corners, and generally undo their mistakes, before traffic can flow smoothly.

When all these things are accomplished, and traffic is regulated by a scientific analysis as to its needs in each direction established by actual count, there will be very little need for the corner policeman except to control those who have no regard for any system of control, no matter what sort . . .

Shall we say for the sake of argument that there is need of some regulation of the motoring public? If this be true will it be any less annoying to have this supervision performed by a different group, call them by any name you care to use? No matter in whose hands this responsibility is placed, will they be any less human than a policeman, and not just as quick to resent abuse from the public as the police? If some one says they never heard of a policeman being compelled to accept abuse, then they should have his job for only a short time and see how quickly they will change their minds. People who overestimate their own importance will threaten him with everything from the fixing of their tickets to the loss of his job for doing his duty.

When I say "doing his duty" does it seem that any group charged with the responsibility of regulating traffic can stand idly by and see men, women and children killed by the thousands as they are every year in this country and not feel called upon to halt some of the wild asses of the asphalt, and try and compel driving within some measure of reason?

Comparison is made with European cities. Why not carry the comparison to its conclusion and tell the full truth, that the standard in your American city is one policeman to every thousand inhabitants, while in the European city the standard ranges from one policeman to every one hundred and twenty-nine in Rome to one to every three hundred and sixty-five in London. Then, too, there is the enormous difference between privately owned cars in this country and the privately owned cars in Europe, to be taken into consideration.

It would be just as reasonable to cite examples of some of the wild stunts pulled by the driving public, who are represented as being so imposed upon, as the examples mentioned in this article. Their number would fill volumes. They range from the poor illiterate who cannot read signs placed for his direction, cow-boy sheiks who try to see how much attention they can attract by their recklessness and still avoid an actual collision, to the old man infirm in both mind and body, who has been driving for thirty years or more, but upon whom it has never dawned that he is no longer a competent driver, and who is a menace on the highway.

Another point that Mr. Teilhet overlooks entirely, is the fact that there is a lack of courtesy from one motorist toward another, something that has been commented upon times without number. Men who are gentlemen in their homes and offices have no regard for the other fellow when behind the wheel of an automobile. If any one doubts that statement, an analysis of a series of accidents will show this to be true . . .

In closing let me say that the traffic law is no different than any other. We are notoriously a law breaking people who demand the right to choose those laws we will obey and those we will disobey, taking the attitude that the law is all right, but applies to the other fellow and not to us. It is necessary to realize that law breaking is individual and is meant for us, not the other fellow, before there is going to be any great improvement.

L. B. MILLER *(Chief of Police)*

Automobile Accidents

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *McCook, Nebraska*

DEAR SIR:

Your page "With Our Readers" is most interesting and it amuses me very much to see the fear and concern exercised by the fanatics over the drunken driver in case the Eighteenth "Commandment" is repealed. Why all this worry? I understand that the automobile is responsible for taking the lives of more than 66,000 persons in the past two years. To date I have not heard one word of protest or concern about it. If 66,000 deaths (under prohibition) is not enough to make any one sit up and take notice then what difference does it make if we have drunken drivers to add 66,000 or 166,000 more to that list? I voted for prohibition but am disgusted with the condition it has produced, which to my way of thinking is worse than the old saloon days.

Personally, it matters not to me whether the Eighteenth "Commandment" is repealed or not. I can go in the open market and purchase any amount of liquor that I am able to pay for. It is a problem beyond me and it will have to be solved not by the fanatical drys or the fanatical wets. It will take sane, sensible men from both sides to work out the solution. But aside from that, why does not some one say or do something about the enormous toll of lives being taken each year by the automobile? To me that is of more importance than the liquor question.

J. G. SCHOBEL

Erratum

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Manchester, N H.*

DEAR SIR:

Since when has Vermont been known as the Granite State? Be assured it's "not so," although no less an authority than the Outlook so states on pages 613 and 614 in its issue for April 16.

ALBERT H. WHITE

Editors' Note—We regret the error. New Hampshire is known as the Granite State, Vermont as the Green Mountain State.

Silly Question, Nasty Threat

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Canton, Mo.*

DEAR SIR:

Some statements in recent numbers of the Outlook interest me. In the "Trend of Events" column in the April 2 number, you commend Mr. Butler for his sincerity, honesty, etc., in stating his position on the liquor question.

I, too, admire a definite statement on disputed questions and cannot help but wonder about the Outlook and certainly you give ample cause for questioning your sincerity.

Do you employ "boozers" i.e. steady drinkers to run your presses? If so, o.k. If not, are you sincere in your position on the liquor question Why publish "wet" and act "dry"? Which is worse, a wet hypocrite or a dry fanatic?

The drys may be fanatics but they are at least sincere. Isn't it in order for you to show your sincerity and honesty of position by employing steady drinkers to do all your presswork.

Raving over questions raised about the Digest's ballot does nothing except show your ignorance of true conditions and insincerity of action. I myself received two ballots and I know of five others who received the same number. I do not know how they voted. If this much duplication occurred within the range of one person in one town of two thousand it is reasonable to suppose that the same duplication occurred elsewhere in the same ratio. In the April 16 number you say: "real enforcement in the face of such numbers means civil war." Who, but such people as you are morally responsible for it. Do you think the drys will not fight if necessary? Will you shoulder a musket and fight or will you sit back in your easy chair and let the drunken mob do your fighting for you!

If you think the drys will not fight, muster your regiment of soaks, marshal your beer tanks, place yourself in command and start something and see what happens.

If I had never lived anywhere except in a beer glass and had never seen the world except through a cloud of tobacco smoke I would probably want to destroy such a world as you apparently do. Why not climb out of your beer glass, get out from under your cloud of smoke and see the world as it really is before you start in to destroy it with threats of civil war. Isn't this the real remedy?

L. S. HOPKINS

Very Severe

To the Editor of the Outlook and Independent: *Minneapolis*

DEAR SIR:

Yes! Prohibition as now in force has failed and always will fail when people like your contributors aid and assist in its failure. I believe the man who buys booze is as guilty as the man who seduces a maiden—not one iota better.

G. W. WOLBERT

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